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COMING DANGERS.

THE uneasiness, amounting to alarm, which has been caused by the general election and its results is founded neither on the character of the new Government nor on the personal composition of the House of Commons, but on the action of the constituencies. The great majority of the Ministers cannot be suspected of subversive tendencies or designs, and even the most dangerous among them, who is also the most powerful, is supposed to have expressed in his latest publication a lingering tenderness for the abandoned convictions of his early career. The House of Commons, as far as it represents Great Britain, includes but few professed demagogues of the grosser kind, and the great majority of its members are, by property, social position, and habits of thought, entirely indisposed to sympathize with revolutionary measures. No Parliament could be more safely entrusted with the duties of legislation and administrative control, if only it were permanent and independent; but the instability of an equilibrium which ultimately rests on the basis of a wide popular suffrage has been conspicuously illustrated by the recent history of France. Only nine years ago the supreme legislative body was the most aristocratic of all the representative Assemblies which have been elected since 1789; and, as might have been expected, its opinions and feelings were strongly Conservative. The executive authority had with universal consent been entrusted to a veteran statesman, who, although he had at last accepted the Republic, was bent on administering it in close accordance with the spirit and traditions of constitutional monarchy. The army was commanded by a soldier of Royalist inclination who had acquired distinction under the Empire. M. GAMBETTA, then the chief of an apparently feeble Opposition, was too harshly described by the President of the Republic as a raving madman. A decade has not yet passed, and Royalists, Orleanists, and Conservative Republicans have been deprived of every remnant of influence. M. GAMBETTA, who boasted of raising new social strata into political existence, and who has been throughout consistent in his opinions, is now regarded by a large party as a timid reactionist, although he concurs in that hostility to the Catholic Church which for the time inspires popular clamour. Experience has confirmed the warnings of those who had long maintained that the Jacobins were the only real Republicans in France. The wealthy and cultivated classes, who have, as in the United States, for the most part retired from public life, console themselves with the probable expectation that the downward course will sooner or later be arrested by the repugnance to change which prevails among the rural population. No similar check to democratic extravagance will be found in England.

In a thoughtful essay in the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. KEBBEL calls attention to the dangers which in his opinion are threatened by the caprice of the lately enfranchised voters, and by the difficulty of anticipating their decision. The triumph of the Conservatives in 1874, and their crushing defeat in 1880, were both unexpected by ordinary politicians. The oscillation may, as the writer suggests, be repeated, with the result of preventing the continuance of any political system for more than six or seven years. It would be well if the comparison represented the whole extent of the evil. A pendulum returns

to the centre, and in each oscillation it traverses a smaller and smaller arc. The movement of the present year is, on the contrary, far more eccentric than the temporary reaction of 1874; and it is nearly certain that the next disturbance will take a wider range in the same direction. The supporters of the late Government, having put forth their whole strength, were outnumbered at the polls by 19 to 15, and the proportion of Conservative members returned was considerably smaller. The upper middle classes have no force in reserve, and they have little hope of obtaining additional recruits from the masses which live on weekly wages. Even if the Conservatives had a prospect of retrieving their fortunes under the present Constitution, the cards will, before the next trial of luck, be once more packed to their detriment. The door is about to be opened for the admission of large numbers of poor and ignorant recruits, who will, with scarcely an exception, reinforce the present majority. If household suffrage and redistributed constituencies prove to be not sufficient for the purpose, there is still the resource of universal suffrage. Mr. GLADSTONE has for many years been so far in advance of his party as to have recommended the indiscriminate admission of flesh and blood to the electoral franchise. The unqualified supremacy of the poor, the total and final detachment of representation from taxation, may perhaps not be accomplished during the remainder of his political career, if the same object can be practically attained by a less revolutionary extension of the franchise. Even the transfer of county representation to the labourers will not be immediately undertaken. Happy accidents, like misfortunes, seldom come single; and the lucky Liberals have the convenient excuse of the impending Census for postponing the Reform Bill which will be necessarily followed by a dissolution. The figures cannot be published before 1882, and perhaps the consequent legislation may occupy two successive years. Five or six years may therefore elapse before the Minister of the day begins to consider whether it would be as wrong for himself as for Lord BEACONSFIELD to enter on a seventh Session. All that concerns the party is that an additional majority should be created before a dissolution.

While the constituency is becoming less capable of distinguishing the comparative merits of contending parties, its relation to the House of Commons is changing to the detriment of the Constitution and of good government. The democratic tendency to appeal from the Legislature to the multitude is remarkably illustrated in the first article of the first number of a virtually new journal, which appears as a strong partisan of the Ministers, though it disclaims a Ministerial character. In a type and a form which had been connected with other political associations, the writer assumes, apparently in unconsciousness of the novelty of his doctrine, that the English House of Commons is already subject to the popular dictation which French Jacobins vindicate under the name of "the 'imperative mandate.'" In other words, political issues are already determinable by a popular vote, or, again to use the French term, by a *plébiscite*. The theory is applied to the particular case by the statement that the present Parliament has not been instructed to abolish the Church Establishment, so that the beneficent measure of destruction must await another general election. The present mandate, it seems, requires the extension of household suffrage to counties, the readjustment of the relations of landowners to their land, and sev-

ral minor measures. That a political writer of ability, and probably of cultivation, should have forgotten the fundamental principles of the English Constitution is a disturbing phenomenon. There are opinions against which it is useless to argue, as they imply a rejection of the common ground on which alone discussion is possible. It is true that the Radical journalist only generalizes the unjustifiable language which was employed by Mr. GLADSTONE in his menace to the Scotch Church. The Establishment was to be preserved or destroyed as the people, or the majority of voters, might determine. There is reason to suppose that Mr. GLADSTONE is not disinclined to issue a similar invitation to the assailants of the English Church. The confident political teacher who constantly expresses unhesitating judgments on the politics of Austria or Afghanistan affects ignorance and neutrality on a vital question of domestic policy.

Time will show whether any effective resistance can be offered to the democratic movement which gains fresh force as it advances. "INDEX," in the *Fortnightly Review*, does justice to the personal qualities of the leaders of both parties in the troubled time which followed the Reform Bill. PEEL and ALTHORP contributed from opposite quarters to the moderation and control of dangerous tendencies; but two years after the passing of the Bill PEEL was followed by nearly half the House of Commons; whereas there is no reason to expect that present or future constituencies will emulate the prudence of the rich householders and the substantial tenant-farmers. It may be added that there is no PEEL and no DISRAELI to restore the disturbed balance of power. The respected and popular leader of the Opposition is not likely to organize a party and afterwards to lead it to victory. From the head of the Government it would be absurd to expect reserve and moderation; and it would neither be reasonable nor dignified to count on jealousies or dissensions which may possibly arise within or without the Cabinet. If it has not been possible to satisfy every claim, those who are disappointed must be aware that the rejection of many candidates for office was unavoidable. Mr. LOWE may be supposed to be satisfied with his elevation to the peerage; and Mr. GOSCHEN was only excluded from the Cabinet by his own conscientious scruples. Some years hence, when the sycophants of power are demanding from the constituencies a new imperative mandate, it is probable that some of the moderate Liberals who are still members of the party will find it impossible to accompany their more impetuous colleagues in their further career. The next election may perhaps witness the coalition which has long been foreseen; but it is uncertain whether any part of the constituencies will share in the hesitation which may be felt by some of their present leaders.

L'ENFANT TERRIBLE.

THE son of a famous political leader is entitled at the beginning of his career to sympathy and toleration. Nothing is more natural than that Mr. GLADSTONE should wish one of his family to inherit his opportunities and some portion of his powers. If the young member for Leeds hereafter attains Parliamentary or official eminence, he will follow a long series of precedents. The first and the second CECIL, the first and the second PITT, HENRY FOX and CHARLES FOX, GEORGE GRENVILLE and Lord GRENVILLE, the second and the third Earl GREY, the first and the third Marquess of LANSDOWNE, Mr. CANNING and Lord CANNING, the late and the present Lord DERBY, are not the only instances of fathers and sons who have successively both obtained and earned for themselves conspicuous places in English history. The gift of oratory seems to be even more commonly transmissible by descent than other faculties. Bishop WILBERFORCE reminded all his older hearers of his father. The first Lord ELLENBOROUGH who had risen by forensic eloquence was succeeded by the most impressive and finished orator of the next generation. It would seem that of the rhetorical qualities of Mr. GLADSTONE, his youngest son has already attained the questionable excellence of unbounded fluency. It was said that he made more speeches in Middlesex than the present PRIME MINISTER made in Midlothian. If his statement to his new constituency at Leeds was accurate, he has also attained the responsible position of a political instructor. He found, according to his own account, that the Middlesex Conservatives, who unfortunately constituted

the majority, knew nothing at all about the *Alabama* claims, the Black Sea Treaty, "and various things of that kind." "He, therefore, took it upon himself to instruct them, and went into the facts of the matter, after which he discovered that, looked at from any point one chose, 'the case for the Liberals was absolutely strong and unassailable.'" It is interesting to learn that the young philosopher only found himself to be in the right after he had vindicated the conduct of his party to the ignorant inhabitants of Middlesex. The extent of Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE's knowledge of foreign policy may perhaps not be great, but he is not the first preacher who has converted himself. If he ever takes the trouble to study the questions on which he enlightened his audience and himself, he will learn that the Black Sea Treaty and the *Alabama* claims are not associated with glorious recollections.

Plagiarism of style and opinions is pardonable and inevitable in a literary or oratorical novice, and the only interest which for the present attaches to Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE's speeches is suggested by the model from which, to the best of his ability, he copies. The inaccuracy of most of the propositions which he affirms, and the constant use of mere commonplace and claptrap, may perhaps be only defects incident to inexperience; but it is unsatisfactory to observe a laxity of moral principle which can scarcely be original. Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE, after condescending to admit his membership of the Church of England, informed the Leeds Election Committee that, if the country decided against the Establishment, he would go with the country. It is hardly probable that he would make so cynical a declaration on his own authority. Mr. GLADSTONE himself, in more than one of his Midlothian speeches, uttered with respect to the Scotch Establishment an equally unjustifiable disclaimer of responsibility; but he involved the announcement in so many parentheses and in such complex sentences that it might mean anything or nothing; and to a Scotch constituency it was unnecessary to say anything about the Church of England. There is too much reason to fear that his purpose has now been inadvertently blurted out, as domestic secrets have often been disclosed by candid and unsuspecting childhood. Having perhaps not hitherto concerned himself with political ethics, Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE is evidently unconscious of the profound immorality of the course which he proposes to pursue. His own Parliamentary conduct is not indeed a matter of primary importance except to himself and his friends; but, if the general of the Liberal army affects to remit to the rank and file the conduct of the political campaign and the selection of its objects, his abdication of his proper functions involves grave public danger. One of the most fundamental and, in the opinion of a large portion of the community, the most disastrous, changes which could be made in English institutions would be the abolition of the Established Church. Its enemies are even more active than its friends; but it seems impossible that any Englishman of competent knowledge who regards the public welfare can be so far indifferent to the maintenance or destruction of the Church as to leave his own judgment to be determined by a plurality of votes. A young aspirant to notoriety probably cares much more for his own return to Parliament than for the suppression of churches, or for the transfer of ecclesiastical functions and parochial duties to a less refined and cultivated class. That a statesman of the highest rank should be equally unscrupulous would be a misfortune and a scandal. Lord BEACONFIELD, who to his opponent's morbid imagination has become a type of unprincipled ambition, has never been guilty of so reckless a repudiation of public duty. Among all his supposed crimes, the wickedest and worst of Ministers never invited the mob to instruct him whether he should assert the influence of England in Europe, and combat the aggressions of Russia. His virtuous successor has, it may be feared, no scruple in appealing from his own conscience and judgment to the constituencies which are soon to be further packed in the interest of the party of movement.

Though it would have been scarcely worth while to take notice of the mistakes of a young and inexperienced candidate on his own account, the sound which may be insignificant in itself attracts a kind of curiosity when it is known to be an echo. Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE probably intended to repeat in a paraphrase of his own the principal arguments and conclusions of the Midlothian speeches. If unfriendly critics have misrepre-

sented the spirit and tenor of the agitation, full reliance may be placed on a sympathetic and perhaps an inspired commentary, though in some instances the copyist has involuntarily degenerated into caricature. No controversial orator is more habitually exempt than Mr. GLADSTONE from the weakness of giving undue credit to his opponents; but he would scarcely have assured the meeting at Leeds that two of the most respectable members of the late Government had made statements of which they are utterly incapable. According to Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE, "the climax of absurdity was reached when men whom one would expect to have some common sense—namely, Sir R. A. Cross and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE—declared 'that the Liberals were responsible for the depression in trade and commerce, because they had unduly fostered commerce, and had made the revenue advance by leaps and bounds.'" That Conservative Ministers should gratuitously attribute to their rivals the prosperity of which the Liberals naturally boasted would have been incredible to a more practised politician. There was more excuse for a vague and utterly unfounded impression, derived from much factious rhetoric, that "the Irish were right in protesting against unequal laws in regard to the franchise, the land, and all the rest." There is indeed a trifling difference in the borough franchise of the two countries; but the only inequality of the law of land in Ireland as compared with England has consisted in the transfer to the Irish tenant of a large part of the property of the landlord. In the same spirit, and with equal accuracy, Mr. H. GLADSTONE asserted that the Tories, having inherited a large surplus, had handed over to the Liberals a considerable deficit to make up. He has probably not yet learned the technical meaning of surpluses and deficits, which are always prospective. On inquiry he will find that the late Government has left behind, not a deficit, but a surplus. The reproduction, after a long interval, of the scandalous calumnies against the English soldiers in Afghanistan is less excusable. The statement that the inquiries were made to clear the character of the accused may in a certain sense be true; but it was not to clear the character of the soldiers that the accusations were made.

There is but one opinion among unprejudiced politicians as to the impropriety of Mr. GLADSTONE's wanton denunciations of Austria. It is perhaps creditable to the candidate for Leeds that he should not have perceived the error which has been generally reprobated; but it may be hoped that his own contributions to international concord are not supported by higher authority than his own. The son of the PRIME MINISTER ought to have known that in capriciously attacking another great and friendly Power he might possibly be thought to compromise the Government. Another young gentleman ambitious of a seat in Parliament would not have disturbed the equanimity of any statesman by announcing that he very much distrusted the policy of Prince BISMARCK. "He thought Prince BISMARCK was as necessary to the German army as the German army to Prince BISMARCK. They would stand or fall together, and he thought Germany had set a bad example to Europe, and had gone further than it need have done in arming itself." Even a Liberal Four Hundred must have wondered whether it was imbibing the ripe wisdom of its nominee, or receiving a disclosure of the policy which is to animate the new Government. The Ministers are not yet responsible for the defiance of Germany as well as of Austria by the most recent recruit of the party; but, if the policy which is good enough for a Leeds Committee should really be adopted, the intelligent portion of the community, if not the majority of ratepayers, will appreciate the superior prudence and patriotism of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S Government. Even a parody may retain the main characteristics of a political system which it makes ridiculous.

ENGLAND AND ITALY IN THE EAST.

THERE is no doubt that the result of the English elections has given general satisfaction in Italy. The services which some years ago Mr. GLADSTONE rendered by his writings to the cause of Italian unity and independence have not been forgotten. The indifference or hostility which the Conservative party showed towards Italy during her struggle against foreign rule has been as little for-

gotten. Nevertheless, the interests—or what are taken to be the interests—of the present are apt to prevail over historical reminiscences of this kind, even among a people like the Italians, who are more governed by sentimental considerations than we ourselves are. If the interests and hopes of Italy were likely, in the opinion of the country, to be favoured by a victory of the Conservative party in England, the past would have been readily set aside. But in Italian eyes the Conservative Government committed two mortal sins. In the first place, it favoured the extension of Austrian influence in the Balkan peninsula; in the second, it asserted, jointly with France, a preponderating influence in Egypt. It would be asking too much of human nature to demand that the old and well-grounded feeling of hostility to Austria should be immediately extinguished in Italy. Nevertheless there does not appear to be much of it left; and all the efforts of the Irredentist fanatics, with the retaliatory polemic of the Austrian press, have failed to galvanize it into vigorous life. The opposition of Italy to Austria is one of interest rather than of sentiment. There is no doubt that the predominance of Austria in the Balkan peninsula would be viewed with extreme dislike by the Italian people, and by any Italian Administration, no matter to what party it might belong. It is true that there are no definite Italian projects which this predominance would thwart; but there are a great many vague desires and supposed advantages which would thereby be frustrated. It is certainly the general opinion of Italians, as reflected in their press, that Austria has already enough, or too much, in the possession of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and that the interests of Italy require that she should set her face against any further extension of Austrian territory in this direction. It is just this extension which the late Government in England was supposed to favour; and hence one ground of Italian sympathy with English Liberals.

But the late Government not only was on the best of terms with Austria and Austria's Northern backer, but contrived also to work harmoniously with France in the East. There is no doubt that public opinion in Italy views the growth of French influence on the southern shores of the Mediterranean with as little good will as it views the progress of Austria towards Salonica. It is true that the services rendered to Italy by France have not passed away from the memory of Italians, though the price exacted for them, and the hindrances placed later on by France in the way of the fulfilment of Italian unity, must cause the value of these services to be heavily discounted. But at present gratitude to France is not by any means a lively sentiment in the Italian mind. Resentment at the subordinate place which Italy has been compelled to take in Egypt, and fear of the extension of French influence in Tunis, are feelings of a much more active kind. The late Government is certainly jointly responsible with that of France for circumscribing the influence of Italy in Egypt. Whether or not it had good reasons for doing so we need not here inquire; but the fact that it did so is another ground why it did not go to the poll with the blessing of Italian public opinion. The fact, moreover, that a good understanding and common action with France in the Mediterranean is of the highest importance to this country was a reason for thinking that the policy of England in this respect would not be altered until the place of Lord BEACONSFIELD was taken by a statesman whose sympathy for Italy is gratefully remembered by Italians, and who is supposed by many to take his sympathies for other countries, rather than the interests of his own, as the rule of his political action.

It remains to be seen whether the hopes excited in Italy by the change of Government in England will in any degree be fulfilled. If these hopes are staked on a literal interpretation of all that the present members of the party in power have said when in Opposition, they are probably doomed to a heavy disappointment. One enthusiastic Italian paper informed its readers that not only was the Ottoman Government to be now put an end to, but Austria was to be immediately destroyed, and the Kingdom of Poland to be re-established. This is an exceptional flight of the Italian imagination; but moderate men in Italy, as elsewhere, look forward to a change in the grouping of the European Powers as a result of the late elections in England. And it is thought by many that this change will be to the advantage of Italy, and may lead to a closer and more harmonious connexion between the policies pursued by the two countries. In an in-

teresting and exceedingly well-written pamphlet recently published at Rome, *La politica estera d'Italia e le elezioni inglesi*, this point is insisted on. Starting from the assumption that the Ottoman Power is on its last legs, and that the time must soon come when its heirs must divide the inheritance among them, the writer proceeds to ask what the future action of Italy should be under these circumstances. Towards the North Italy has no field for her activity. In time there may be a chance that the Italian-speaking districts of Austria, or some of them, may, in case of the general rearrangement of affairs which must follow on the break-up of the Ottoman Empire, fall to the lot of Italy; but the true field on which the forces of the country can fruitfully expand is along the shores of the Mediterranean. It is southwards and eastwards, and not northwards, that the foreign policy of Italy must turn its attention. And here the main interest of Italy is that no other Power should be predominant, rather than that Italy should herself make any great acquisitions. The only point on which the writer insists with regard to this question is, that if any Power is to occupy Tunis, that Power must be Italy. And, in general, he maintains that it is in conformity both with the interests of England and of Italy that these two countries should work together in the Mediterranean, rather than suffer the gradual progress of French influence, which he affirms to be as dangerous to the one as to the other, to go on unchecked. And, as a third party to this new alliance—whether it be formal or understood—he proposes Russia. Russia is, indeed, the only possible third to this combination, since it is aimed directly both at Austria, with Germany behind, and at France.

Such a policy, however, is clearly founded on the supposed sympathy with Italy of the head of the present Administration in England, and not on the actual facts of the European situation. However agreeable it might be to Italian interests, the objections to it from an English point of view are obvious and decisive. In the first place, the good understanding arrived at, after ages of rivalry, between France and England is too precious not only for the two countries themselves, but for the general peace of Europe, to be sacrificed or impaired without absolute necessity. In the second place, the past history of our bargains and understandings with Russia gives us no guarantee whatever that such an arrangement would serve any purpose but that of Russian aggrandizement. Thirdly, it is hard to see what possible good could accrue from it to England except the protection from the problematical danger that France might become too strong in the Mediterranean. But at present there are no signs of any peril in this quarter. On the contrary, the two Powers work together in these regions with mutual confidence and good will. To weaken this confidence and good will in order to avoid chimerical dangers or to secure chimerical advantages is the last thing that a responsible English Ministry could seriously consider. Finally, what confidence could be placed in the stability of any Italian Ministry or of the policy which it might advocate? Within the space of four years we have seen no less than six Administrations in Italy, and within the next four we may see as many or more. What these Administrations have done, or left undone, at home does not concern us here; but they have certainly failed to inspire any confidence abroad. More than that, they have contrived to produce the impression, unfounded though it may be, that the country is prepared for a policy of adventure. And what foreign statesman could enter into serious negotiation with a Government liable at any moment, without any notice or any apparent cause, to be upset and replaced by another, which in a few months or weeks is sure to undergo the same fate? A Government in a state of chronic crisis will postpone, if it is prudent, the pleasures of a foreign policy. Other Governments, if they are prudent, will keep clear of any engagements with it. However this may be, it is desirable to point out that the satisfaction expressed in Italy at the fall of Lord BEACONSFIELD's Cabinet, arises from no abstract love of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good; but from the practical hope that Italy may get more out of his successor.

THE WEST OF ENGLAND BANK.

A QUESTION asked by one of the jury in the course of the trial of the West of England Bank Directors, which ended on Wednesday, showed pretty plainly the estimate which he, and probably his colleagues, were dis-

posed to form of the case for the Crown. What this jury-man wanted to know was, who had put the Treasury in motion? If none of the shareholders or creditors of the Bank had complained, it was not likely that the Government would have moved in the matter. It was not contended that the failure of the West of England Bank placed its Directors on the same unenviable moral level as the Directors of the City of Glasgow Bank. Why, therefore, had the Crown applied to them the same stringent measure? The curiosity of the jury was not satisfied, but the fact that it was felt was significant of the result of the trial. It pointed to an opinion that the prosecution was, at bottom, a fishing prosecution; that it was undertaken not so much to bring home an undoubted crime to those who had committed it, as to ascertain by experiment whether a crime had been committed. This is not a sort of prosecution on which juries look kindly, and it is certainly not a sort of prosecution on which the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of England looks kindly. Throughout the trial it was clear which way his mind leaned, and his charge to the jury makes it almost surprising that they should have thought it necessary to retire even for a quarter of an hour.

Perhaps Sir JOHN HOLKER was not altogether judicious in reading to the jury a passage from the LORD JUSTICE CLERK's charge in the City of Glasgow Bank case. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE was not likely to allow a jury in his own Court to take the law from any one but himself; and he is not so diffident of his own opinion as to be afraid of going counter to the ruling of a Scotch Court. It may be admitted, however, that Sir JOHN HOLKER found himself in a strait. If he could induce the jury to share the view of the LORD JUSTICE CLERK, he had a chance of getting a verdict. If he had to acquiesce in their sharing the view of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, his chance of a verdict was gone. The LORD JUSTICE CLERK had told the Scotch jury that, if the object of the Directors of the City of Glasgow Bank had been to keep the bank afloat until better times should relieve their securities and their debtors, and enable them to pay their way, it would not in the slightest degree relieve them from the criminal charge. If they meant to represent the bank as being in a more prosperous state than it was, and if they meant the shareholders to believe that, then they intended to run the risk of all the results that might follow from that deception. Sir JOHN HOLKER naturally wished to state the case against the West of England Bank Directors in a similar way. The question, he said, was whether they had not, "knowing the circumstances, designed by means of false representations in the balance-sheets to keep the bank afloat until the 'good times came and until trade revived.'" Fortunately for the Directors, the indictment said nothing about designing by means of false representations in the balance-sheets to keep the bank afloat until trade revived. The charge on which they were tried was that they had made false statements in the balance-sheet with intent to deceive and defraud the shareholders and to induce other persons to become shareholders. Consequently the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE told the jury that they must be satisfied, before they could find the defendants guilty of these things, that there had been an intentional falsification of the accounts, that this falsification had been done with a fraudulent intention, and that the particular fraudulent intention had been either to defraud present shareholders or to bring in new shareholders.

In short, the indictment and the evidence did not fit one another. The evidence showed that the balance-sheet had at various times given what, read in the light of after events, proved to be a far too sanguine estimate of the bank's position. But it did not show that this estimate had been given with any intent to defraud the shareholders, or even that the Directors themselves were conscious how over-sanguine it was. They had allowed themselves to be led deeper and deeper into the affairs of BOOKER and Co., and of the Aberdare Iron Works, and when at last it was plainly impossible to draw back without heavy loss, they had gone on, hoping that, if they could but tide over the present difficulty, things would right themselves in the end. Had it not been for the extraordinary and continued depression of trade, there is little doubt that things would have righted themselves, and it would have been asking too much from human nature to expect the Directors to proclaim to the world all the doubts that might from time to time suggest themselves as to the ultimate success of the efforts they were making. There is not in the whole case the slightest sus-

picion of anything worse than imprudence in the first instance, and a resolution to put the best face they could upon their affairs after they could no longer disguise from themselves that they had been imprudent. The dilemma they were in was this. Entire frankness would prevent any new shareholders from coming in; but then it would do so at the cost of bringing inevitable ruin upon the existing shareholders. To proclaim that the bank was insolvent was to make it insolvent; to conceal the fact that it was insolvent was to give it a chance—the Directors may honestly have thought a fair chance—of becoming solvent once more. That is a very difficult choice for a body of men to have to make, and we dare say the more common opinion—we certainly do not say the better opinion—will be that, under the circumstances, they decided rightly. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE evidently thinks so. "I confess," he says, "that I cannot see how it would have been for the advantage of the shareholders that these circumstances should have been made known to them, assuming that the circumstances were such as really to destroy the value of their shares." He admits, it is true, that there is another side to the question, and that the concealment which, from the point of view of the actual shareholder, was beneficial, from the point of view of the intending shareholder was mischievous. There is nothing, however, to show that this aspect of the case was present to the minds of the Directors in any special way. They were not anxious to attract new shareholders; and, even if the statements in the balance-sheet had been knowingly false, they would not have been made with the intent to induce any person to become a shareholder in the bank. As, therefore, they were certainly not made with a view of defrauding the existing shareholders, neither of the offences contemplated by the statute has been committed.

Although, however, the verdict is sufficiently intelligible under the circumstances, the state of the law cannot be called satisfactory. Banking is supposed to be a particularly safe business. Unsafe banking, as Mr. BAGEHOT has said, is bad banking. But the business of the West of England Bank was particularly unsafe, and by consequence it was eminently bad banking. Even the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE admits that "the tying up of the funds of the bank to the extent of two-thirds of its entire subscribed capital in mining speculations was not consistent with sound principles of banking." Now investors who suppose themselves to be placing capital in an unusually safe and steady business have a right to be protected against a perversion of that capital to a wholly different purpose. It cannot be supposed that, if the shareholders of the West of England Bank had foreseen the kind of business the bank would do, they would have trusted the Directors with their money. If they had wanted to embark in mining speculations, they could have done so directly, without invoking the aid of a company of bank directors. Were the accounts of the West of England Bank kept in such a way as to enable the shareholders to appreciate the character of the enterprises upon which the Directors had embarked? If they were, the shareholders had, of course, no one to blame but themselves. If they were not, then there is undoubtedly a need that the law should insist on similar accounts being so kept for the future. No legislation can secure people against the consequences of their own carelessness or folly. If bank shareholders like to leave their Directors free to do exactly what they like with the bank capital, Parliament cannot, and need not desire to, protect them. But it can and ought to secure that bank shareholders shall have the means of knowing the nature of the business which their Directors are doing, and that, if these means are withheld, the Directors shall be criminally liable for keeping them back.

LAND LEGISLATION.

THE Chamber of Agriculture lately approved Lord CAIRNS's Land Bills by a unanimous vote. The object of the principal measure is to enlarge the powers of life tenants for the main purpose of facilitating the improvement of their estates, with the probable further result of throwing more land into the market. A tenant for life who wishes to drain or build will, under certain restrictions, be allowed to sell a portion of the property that he may apply the purchase-money in the improvement of the rest. The benefit which may consequently accrue

to the remainder-man will therefore be acquired at his own expense, instead of diverting funds to which younger children or other relatives of the limited owner might be morally entitled. The purchaser of land under settlement will be able to obtain a good title if his advisers ascertain that all the statutory conditions of sale have been satisfied. Many Acts have already been passed for the promotion of similar objects, and some of them have not been inoperative; but the power of charging the land with the cost of improvements is hampered by many restrictions; and in some instances it is necessary to contract with certain privileged joint-stock Companies, which of course require a profit to themselves on the transaction. Lord CARRINGTON, who seems to have been the principal speaker at the meeting, professedly represented the interests of life tenants, who would willingly approximate as closely as possible to the condition of owners of fee. Tenant-farmers who have lately promoted agitation on the subject generally think that their interest lies in the same direction. It is not surprising that Lord WENTWORTH, who describes himself as a remainder-man, should, in a clever article in the *Fortnightly Review*, take a different view of the expediency of Lord CAIRNS's legislative project as far as it is retrospective. He remarks with some force that the House of Lords, which generally accepted Lord CAIRNS's statement as satisfactory, consists, with few exceptions, of tenants for life. Remainder-men who might have something to say on the other side are only expectant peers. In many cases, perhaps in most cases, there is no real conflict of interests, inasmuch as it will be for the benefit of the future owner to find the estate at his succession in the best possible order. It is true that every relaxation allowed to the life tenant must derogate from the strict rights of the remainder-man. The best apology for interference with vested interests is that the effect of merely prospective legislation would be remote and slow. In the majority of instances remainder-men are the sons of the present owners, whom they may probably regard with a certain amount of good will.

Although Lord WENTWORTH objects to retrospective enlargement of the powers of life tenants, he is prepared to concur in the prohibition of future settlements of land. Every possessor ought, in his judgment, to be absolute owner, with power to sell and to dispose of the property by will. It is not wonderful that Lord CAIRNS contented himself with a less heroic measure. The almost uniform practice of owners either of land or of personality must be regarded as an indication of the general opinion. Few persons who can provide their daughters with a competent dowry allow them to marry without a settlement, which for the most part includes a provision for unborn children. Exceptional restrictions on the power of dealing with land may possibly be expedient, but they would at present be distasteful to owners. In the common case of a settlement or will giving an estate to sons and daughters in succession, the compulsory exhaustion of the power of disposal by an absolute gift to the eldest son would be felt as a grievous hardship; yet a provision that the estate should devolve on the next son, on failure of the original heir and his issue, would involve the creation of one or more life estates. In matters of this kind legislation ought to be moderate and tentative.

The Farmers' Alliance, which, in contrast with the Chamber of Agriculture, assumes an adverse or hostile position to landlords, claims to regulate or control in the interest of tenants the disposal of the property of owners. The pretension is comparatively novel, and until lately it would have been dismissed as anomalous. The occupying farmer holds the land by voluntary contract, with the power of enforcing covenants in his own favour; and it is now contended that he is entitled, for his own further benefit, to alter the *status* of the other party to the bargain. The landlord may be compelled to execute any improvements for which provision has been made in the lease or the agreement; and recent theorists insist that he should be placed in the most favourable position, not only for discharging his express obligations, but for investing additional capital in the land. Even if large powers of entail and settlement were admitted to be beneficial to landowners, the new school of economic projectors would still urge their demand on behalf of tenant-farmers, and perhaps of possible purchasers. The political and social objections to the accumulation and continuance of overgrown landed estates are more weighty than the arguments by which tenant-farmers and their advocates

seek to justify their interference with the tenure of land. Even if an owner in fee were necessarily richer than a life tenant, he could scarcely be compelled to employ his capital in improvements. In many instances, as Lord SALISBURY once pointed out, the absolute owner would mortgage his estate, with the result of crippling his power of improvement. One of the numerous writers who have devised schemes for depriving owners of discretion in the management of their property proposes to guard against the creation of incumbrances by making mortgages illegal. The mediæval passion for superseding the independent conduct of every man's affairs by officious legislation is reviving in matters relating to land.

A late controversy between the official representatives of the Farmers' Alliance and an Irish member who professed to have been the founder of their Association suggested some inferences of a wider scope than the dispute on an uninteresting fact. Mr. O'DONNELL, who is a follower of Mr. PARNELL, perhaps understood better than his temporary English associates the logical consequences which might be deduced from the acknowledgment of a right vested in one class to regulate for its own purposes the property of another. Wealthy manufacturers who conduct an agitation for interference with the discretion of landlords may be well assured that they are liable to become victims in their turn. In countries where land is more largely subdivided than in England, Socialist declaimers habitually denounce capitalists instead of landlords. Equal distribution of the materials of industry is in Paris and Berlin a more popular formula than the prohibition of private ownership in land. It is true that the respectable members of the Farmers' Alliance neither talk nor think of the rude process of confiscation; but some of them will do well to consider the language of Irish demagogues, and to remember that attempts were made to connect their body with the Land League which now proposes open and unmitigated robbery. At a late meeting attended by Mr. PARNELL, who is recognized by a section of Irish members as their political leader, one of the principal speakers informed the sympathizing audience that land, air, and water were the property of no man, but of the collective human race. That land would not be carefully cultivated by any occupier or workman for the benefit of the human race was a detail unworthy of the attention of the orator. Mr. PARNELL and his followers have repeatedly advised tenants to break their contracts with their landlords by withholding their rent; and some of the agitators lately boasted that, by compliance with this advice, the occupiers had saved a million sterling. A Socialist speaker in the German Parliament asserted a few days ago that his party was identified in principle and in organization with the Nihilists of Russia and with the French Commune. He would not object to admit as worthy members of the alliance the Irish brawlers who directly assail the foundation of private property. By a strange anomaly, a not inconsiderable section of the Irish priesthood have joined the conspiracy, although Continental Socialists proclaim themselves the irreconcileable enemies of the Catholic Church.

Large farmers are in a false position when they combine against the actual distribution of land, and for the restraint of freedom of contract. The Secretary of the Farmers' Alliance, in a lately published article, includes among the demands of the Association the inalienable transfer to the occupying tenant of the right to ground game. If such an enactment were passed, a farmer would be prohibited from demising the right of shooting, although he might have obtained it by agreement from his landlord. At the present moment, when landlords in many parts of England know to their cost the difficulty of keeping or finding tenants, it seems wholly unnecessary to interfere with the freedom of both parties by imposing arbitrary legal restrictions. The claim of farmers to alter the usual tenure of land for their own benefit is both paradoxical and short-sighted. Whatever may be the effect on the general community of the system of large estates, it is a condition of the existence of capitalist farmers. Few of them could without heavy pecuniary sacrifice own the land which they cultivate; and freehold farms would, in the majority of cases, be necessarily sold or divided on the death of the owners. In Ireland, graziers, though they of course occupy pasture land to the best advantage, are more obnoxious to the malcontent peasantry than the landlords, because they are supposed to hold more than their share of the soil. Perhaps the best excuse for the present activity of the Farmers' Alliance is that

the farmers for the moment exercise a political power which is about to pass from their hands. Mr. BEAR, indeed, assures them that the enfranchised labourers will at first support their demands against the landlords; but he is not at pains to conceal his suspicion that their next attack will be made on their immediate employers. Rural agitation may not assume the same form in England as in Ireland, but it is inevitable and will be dangerous.

THE INTERNATIONAL.

A NAME that was once a name of terror to Europe has died out, and the International, which inspired so much curiosity and then so much vague apprehension, has become not only extinct, but forgotten. But Socialism has still so strong a hold on the Continent that every phase of its history is worth studying, and M. DE LAVELEYE has performed a public service in gathering into a masterly summary the scattered facts which make up the record of this once famous society. The International rose into something like greatness and sank into utter decay, and the causes of its rise and fall are too intimately connected with what is going on and has been going on around us to permit us to remain indifferent to its story. Told in a few words, its story is that of a society which lived while it aimed at that which was possible, and died when it aimed at that which was impossible. It flourished as the centre of a gigantic Trades' Union, and withered as the nucleus of militant Socialism. It is in its decay that it is most interesting, for militant Socialism is something so vague and intangible that anything is welcome that helps us even in a slight degree to understand it. The latest and most advanced form of militant Socialism is Nihilism, and nothing is more difficult to ordinary Englishmen than to comprehend how any set of men can go on year after year spending their strength and risking their lives in order to get to nothing. In a general way it is intelligible that from the depths of human folly there should rise a desire to make a clean sweep, to have done with everything, to have no religion, no country, no State, and no family. But experience amply proves that such a stage of thought is never reached without the mind having gone through previous transitions, and that one thing after another must have been rejected before the imagination can be fascinated by a blank. The distance from Trade-Unionism to Nihilism is a long one, and the history of the International fortunately supplies us with materials for a knowledge of how this distance may be covered. In England there is nothing like militant Socialism, and we are thus happily cut off from any personal acquaintance with what is to the Continent a cause of permanent and sometimes vivid apprehension. But Trade-Unionism is not only familiar to us, but is an English invention; and in examining the history of the International we have thus the advantage of starting with what is known to us, and only gradually passing to that which is unknown. We begin with England and end with Russia. It was an English Exhibition that started the International, and a speculative Russian that ruined it. But before BAKOUNINE interfered to mar its fortunes, ideas had germinated in its breast which paved the way for his interference. The International was never a conspiracy; it was a public, not a secret, society; its central authority had the slightest possible sway over its members, and it fell to pieces when men who came to talk found they were talking of different things. Its history is like the history of a school of philosophy, and not like the history of the Carbonari, of the followers of MAZZINI, or of any of the sects which have aimed at revolution through plots and violence. It had no funds or machinery, and scarcely any definite objects. It thought and talked till it talked itself out, and such interest as attaches to it is the interest of following a peculiar vein of thinking and talking until the vein disappears.

In 1862 the idea was started, and was immediately caught up and patronized by the Emperor NAPOLEON III., of sending a delegation of French workmen to the London Exhibition. A cordial welcome was given by the English workmen to their French brethren, and a sort of feast of international fraternization was held at the Freemasons' Tavern. There the questions that were agitating the minds of those who were assembled were discussed without precision, but also without warmth. The fraternizing workmen were

puzzled by the interesting question of what was to become of them. How, in the days of unlimited competition and of machinery growing more and more perfect, were they to get enough to live on? What, in fact, were they living on in this and that part of the world? Information seemed to be that which they most wanted, and the notion was thrown out that it would be eminently desirable to have a Committee which should receive from different quarters any correspondence that could illustrate the actual state and struggles of the working classes. It may be remarked in passing that this is precisely the object which Mr. BRASSEY has set before Trades' Unions as the only fruitful and legitimate object for which they can strive. The beginning of the International was the goal of Mr. BRASSEY. But the International was not destined, and was not at all likely, to be satisfied at its outset with the modest aim which Mr. BRASSEY preaches after years of study and observation. It was not until two years afterwards that anything was done to give a practical shape to the aspirations which had manifested themselves at the date of the Exhibition. In September 1864 a meeting of workmen of all nations was held in London, and of this meeting M. KARL MARX was the quickening spirit, an agent of MAZZINI only attending to withdraw when it was found that nothing like an organized and secret society was in contemplation. What was founded was a kind of harmless society for the study of social questions, with a General Council that did not pretend to be more than a centre of information, and with so humble a conception of its functions that a subscription of 3*l.* was considered sufficient to defray its probable expenses. The Society was to move entirely in the path of the political economy of Mr. MILL. The maxim of the workman was to be "self-help," and workmen were to help themselves by forming associations which would give them profits instead of wages. The progress of the Society was at first slow, and it was only in 1866 that sixty delegates met at a General Congress in Geneva. The Congress, in the main, adhered to the programme of merely collecting information; but it showed that the Society was already willing to entertain some of the questions which began to command attention when it was asked, not only what was the position of the working classes, but how that position might be improved. Resolutions were passed in favour of the limitation of the hours of work, of compulsory education, of direct taxation, and of the suppression of standing armies. The next year was the year of the Paris Exhibition, and it was then that the International assumed real importance. It began to interfere actively between the employers and the employed. It terminated a French strike by inspiring the masters with an idea that their workmen were so powerfully aided that their resistance could not be overcome, and it prolonged an English strike by preventing foreign competitors from replacing English workmen. Before long so much had been done that, at a Congress held at Lausanne, the Council-General was able to announce that 60,000*l.* had been spent in the encouragement of strikes. New ideas began to make their appearance, and it was resolved not only that railways should be taken over by the State, but that Co-operative Societies should be disengaged as tending to make some workmen better off than others, and that a political was entirely inseparable from a social revolution. This last resolution was a complete departure from the ideas of KARL MARX, and was warmly but vainly resisted by him. Its adoption contained the germ of the dissolution of the Society, as it changed the character of the association, and embarked it on the dangerous career of pronounced opposition to the existing order of things.

But the International, so long as it retained any degree of cohesion, never mixed itself up with political revolutions. When the war of 1870 seemed imminent the International contented itself with protesting against any war anywhere, on the ground that all wars are inimical to the well-being of the poor; and although members of the International took part in the insurrection of the Commune, the Society as a body had nothing to do with it. The International remained a speculative society, and its mode of taking part in the political revolution was only to admit speculations which assumed as their basis that a complete change in political arrangements was at once desirable and possible. What M. DE LAVELEYE terms the doctrine of Collectivism forced its

way to the front. This was something different from Communism, as Communism is commonly understood. By Collectivism is meant that everything is to be done and managed by a society. Railways, mines, forests, and even the soil, are to be worked by associations. Every industry is to be in the hands of some association, and every workman is to find in his association the means not only of subsistence, but of wealth. What is remarkable in this impracticable conception is that it gets rid of the idea of the State. The associations include every one, but there is nothing above the associations. And not only is there no State in the sense of a governing machinery, but there is no State in the sense of a country. A workman belongs to his association, but to nothing else, and his association is supposed to be equally perfect and equally self-sufficient, whether its geographical home is situated in France or in China. This conception, it is needless to say, is in entire opposition to the Socialist view of the State as the centre and mainspring of all human life. The State has to fade away at the dawning of the association, and thus the conception of Collectivism gave an easy opening for the intervention of BAKOUNINE in the affairs of the International. In a Congress held at Basle he pressed the conclusion that those who wished the end wished the means, and that those who desired the disappearance of the State must also desire the disappearance of the institutions on which the State is based, and with which, he had the sense to see, it is indissolubly connected. Religion, law, the family, and hereditary succession are not so much props as essential elements of modern civilized society; they must all perish with the State if the association is to be all in all. What makes this conception, and Nihilism, which is only an extreme mode of stating it, peculiarly Russian, is that it is evidently nothing but a reproduction or a glorification of the Russian communal system. If there were no Czar, no tribunals, no police, no Church, and no succession derived from marriage, the communes might be supposed to have a clear field for showing what they could do. To the argument that under a reign of anarchy the communes could not cohere, the Nihilists, so far as they are capable of argument, may be taken to reply that the communes would cohere if all the causes that can be supposed to prevent their cohesion ceased to exist. The views of BAKOUNINE found little favour with the orthodox members of the International, and he founded a secret society, nominally in alliance with, but really in opposition to, the parent association. For this breach of discipline he was expelled from the International; but a schism arose, and a considerable section proclaimed that it still considered him a member. A fierce contest arose, and the International was broken into two divisions, the orthodox section reverting to the original programme of Trade-Unionism, and the revolutionary section losing itself in the general current of Continental Socialism. The seat of the General Council was removed to New York, in order to superintend American strikes; but, directly the International lost the prestige of its European connexion, it ceased to have any vitality, and the Trades-Unions of England and the States thought that they could manage their own strikes for themselves, without any artificial aid or patronage. With its collapse the dissidents collapsed too, for it is impossible to go on dissenting from a body which has come to an end. Collectivism was merged in Nihilism, and this was inevitable, for Nihilism is Collectivism active and rampant; and, if anarchy is to be preached, it must be preached in action, for men can only acquiesce in aiming at nothing by doing something. The plots, the murders, and the arson of the Nihilists are not so much the consequences of their speculative theory as the condition of this theory being entertained. Nihilism will wither away, like its predecessor the International, when it ceases to blow up palaces and to assassinate officials. The International got to the end of peaceful speculation, and it is reserved for Nihilism to get to the end of sanguinary and revolutionary action.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

THERE has been a great stir among the strong-minded this week. Whether anything specially feminine has been recognized in the composition and leading of the new Ministry; whether the remarkable success of mere clamour in the late elections has encouraged persons naturally inclined to that method of argument; or whether

the movement is merely dictated by a not unnatural hope that the new broom may, in the vigour of its newness, sweep into the most unlikely of corners, we cannot say. But a series of meetings has been going on in different parts of London during the past week, which culminated in a grand gathering at St. James's Hall on Thursday night. The earlier and less central meetings had not been destitute of liveliness. On this day week, in odorous Bermondsey, Mrs. MACLAREN, with engagingly feminine logic, announced that these gatherings were efforts on the part of the feminine sex for what was only their right. No one present, evidently, was heartless enough to point out to the speaker that, in the first place, political students are far from being agreed upon the question whether the franchise is a right at all, and that, even granting this, the question whether it is a right of lovely woman is exactly the point at issue. Mrs. MACLAREN, true to the politics of her family, appears to have made some references to the late election which, considering that women's suffrage has not yet been made a party question, were scarcely wise, nor, though the considerate reporters altered her phrase into one much more relevant, would this uncompromising Radical accept the alteration. This gathering of the masses seems to have been followed by a drawing-room meeting at which Mr. STANSFIELD—not, alas! in the character of a Cabinet Minister, which some hasty sympathizers assigned to him at the beginning of last week—preached caution mingled with hope. Mr. STANSFIELD is of opinion that "members of Parliament must eventually be logical," which is perhaps the most daring avowal of millenarianism that has ever been made. Mile End then followed Bermondsey by assembling in its hundreds, and the meeting in that remote locality appears to have taken with commendable calmness the proposal of a base opportunist that "widows and spinsters" should have the franchise. The Rev. Mr. HADDEN, of St. George's in the East, may or may not have been speaking sarcastically when he said that, "according to his experience, the women of the East End were quite as well fitted to exercise the suffrage as their husbands and brothers." But the most interesting illustration of the danger of too highflying argument was supplied by Miss HELEN TAYLOR, who urges that, "If it was said that men were intellectually superior to women, the same argument had, with abundant foundation of reason, been urged against the extension of the franchise from the upper and middle to the lower classes." In other words, because we have made one mistake, Miss HELEN TAYLOR would like us to make two. The catena of argument was worthily closed, as far as the preliminary meetings went, by a speech of Mrs. LUCAS at Islington on Wednesday. This lady is of opinion that "at present half the brains of the country are allowed to lay"—we hope she said lie—"fallow, without doing the full work that God intended them to do." It is indeed rash to contend with opponents who are furnished in this manner with particular and otherwise unrevealed information as to the intentions of the ALMIGHTY.

These displays were, however, only preliminary canters to the meeting on Thursday, which seems, to do it justice, to have been really a considerable gathering. The baser sex were only admitted on payment, and even after this Miss HELEN TAYLOR sternly declined to recognize their presence, and addressed the assembly pointedly as "ladies." It is said that "pleasure was caused by the announcement that an overflow meeting would be held," and it is easy to conceive the satisfaction of the fair at having overflow meetings and everything handsome about them even as though they had been perfidious and tyrannical man. On the platform it would seem that many heroines gathered, some of them veteraneses in this war and others recruits to the cause. The quality of the eloquence, however, was neither better nor worse than usual. The approaching enfranchisement of the agricultural labourer was duly improved, though the speakers do not seem to have taken note of the fact that, after coming in on purpose to enfranchise him, his champions have discovered (if we may trust their chief organs) that it would be highly indecent to do it for five or six years yet. Besides this argument from analogy—if you give the suffrage to one unfit person, why not give it to two?—the old appeals to taxation, to the actual exercise by women of the municipal and educational franchise and so forth, were repeated. The meeting, however, showed as usual a decided tendency to dwell rather on the general wrongs of women, which the

suffrage is supposed to have some magic power to remedy offhand. We are afraid that Lady HARBERTON, who imagines that there is some special delight in voting, would find it a comparatively tame joy if she were to try it. Mrs. SCATCHARD has discovered that, even in education, there are two laws, one for men and another—a worse one—for women. Mrs. ARTHUR AENOLD, pursuing the same line of exploration, has found that women have fewer civil rights than the lowest specimen of male humanity. Miss Tod thought it would be an excellent thing to bring into public life "that high tone" which distinguishes women. To bring a high tone into public life means, we suppose, to shriek, and really a large portion of the male inhabitants of this country have developed such an excellent faculty that way of late, that we hardly think they need reinforcement. Finally Miss BECKER took occasion to expose the lamentable ignorance of the present IRISH SECRETARY, and Mrs. WEBSTER settled the whole matter by observing that "whether women had grievances or not, they were entitled to votes." *Qui qu'en grogne, ainsi sera; c'est mon bon plaisir.* The motto which ANNE of Bretagne inscribed on the Tower of St. Malo would evidently suit Mrs. WEBSTER perfectly.

We are not prepared to say what chance these ladies have of obtaining satisfaction at the hands of the Government of distinguished men which Mr. MUNDELLA (including himself with commendable modesty) tells the inhabitants of Sheffield has succeeded to power with the intention of doing no Conservative work, and of not being muzzled. A Government of such gifts and graces might do anything. The worst of it is that it is not possible, with due regard to the conventions of society, to argue the women's rights matter out loud. There once was, if we remember rightly, an adventurous member of Parliament who did speak out on the subject, and shocked everybody dreadfully. It is sufficient to say that when Lady HARBERTON talks about the laws denying women the care of their own children, she naturally suggests the question whether the laws do not at the same time relieve women of the burden of supporting their own children. The majority of the arguments which were advanced at St. James's Hall lead to a conclusion by which, as it seems to us, the male sex is not the sex that has most to lose. This is doubtless what Lady HARBERTON's interlocutor meant when, in a polite circumlocution, he told her that "women must be prepared to take the rough with the smooth." If the whole of British womankind, in due caucus assembled and represented, decide that free quarters for life, deference and respect in the vast majority of cases complete control of the household in most, and of a good deal more than the household in a great many, are things not worth having in comparison with liberty and a vote, why there is nothing to be said to their decision. The world will probably be very unpleasant for them, and not too comfortable for old-fashioned and easy-going people of the other sex. But it is certainly not the other sex that will have the worst of it. It is, however, perhaps useless to put this view of the matter, because it is quite certain that the speakers of Thursday night would sternly refuse to listen to it. Their demand is the old and amiable demand, to eat their cake and have it. They are to have the care of their children, but not to be burdened with the support of them; to be maintained by men, but not to be subject to them; to retain the position assigned to them by the courtesy of society, without submitting to the theoretical inferiority and helplessness for which that position is the unwritten equivalent. That many or most of them realize the unpleasant impossibility of consuming the feast and avoiding the reckoning we do not suppose. It is not the habit of the feminine mind to take in numerous ideas at the same time or to follow out trains of reasoning at any length. It is much easier and more congenial to say, "You are going to enfranchise the agricultural labourer, why don't you enfranchise me?" or to talk about the law refusing women the care of their children, or to imagine mysterious cases of fancied wrong, such as that which has brought down upon poor Mr. FORSTER the pity, rather than the anger, of Miss LYDIA BECKER. Of course the half-way people, as they may be called, the people who feebly suggest widows and spinsters as suitable persons to represent the female sex in the constituencies, escape some of these awkwardnesses; but only some of them; while they, like all half-way people, satisfy nobody. If the women's suffrage movement has any meaning at all, it is as being part of a larger movement for the assertion of

complete legal, social, and political equality for both sexes. The certain result of the improbable success of such a movement has already been pointed out. It is a great pity that the ladies who propagate these absurdities among their poorer and less educated sisters do not open their eyes to the real condition of things to which their action tends, or would tend if it could succeed.

CIVIL MARRIAGE.

THE Roman Catholic Church enjoys in modern Europe a great and unapproachable advantage. She can dress her ministers in magnificent clothing without making them ridiculous. There was a time when she shared this advantage with the State, and in Oriental countries she does so to this day. In the middle ages kings and nobles could make themselves as fine as priests and cardinals, and no one saw anything to laugh at in the spectacle; and in the East gorgeous robes are still the natural clothing of every one in authority. But for lay and civilian Europeans dress in this sense is a lost art. The strange panoply of gold lace in which a Minister appears at an official reception excites wonder and nothing more. There is no admixture of either admiration or reverence. Even when a European is surrounded by Asiatics, he is well advised if he makes no attempt to rival them. The first thing that occurs to the visitor to the Royal Academy as he stands before Mr. PRINSEY'S vast canvas is curiosity as to what the Indian princes who assisted at the proclamation of the Empress of INDIA could have thought of the extraordinary figure which occupies the principal place in the picture. Was Lord LYTTON a Viceroy or a magnified blue jay? In his invaluable notes on Rural Life in France, Mr. HAMENTON has pointed out the immense superiority as regards externals of ecclesiastical over civil ceremonies. "Modern life," he says, "is miserably deficient in external pomp and solemnity, even on those occasions when people feel that visible ceremony is necessary. The Church of Rome supplies this want, and supplies it with all the skill derived from centuries of traditional experience." Now marriage is an occasion upon which a great many people feel that visible ceremony is necessary, and marriage is also one of the occasions upon which a considerable number of Frenchmen think it essential to have nothing to do with the Church. The all-sufficiency of civil marriage is as much an article of the Radical creed as the all-sufficiency of civil burial. No doubt there are times when lovers who belong to the advanced Left are sorely tried in this respect. Things may not go as far as they do in M. SARDOU'S comedy, but the relations between the intending husband and the intending wife must occasionally be a little strained by the refusal of the former to be married in church. If anything could be done to invest the civil ceremony with a little dignity, the bride might be more easily reconciled to the omission necessitated by the bridegroom's political principles.

The PREFECT of the SEINE seems to have been lately led into a line of thought closely resembling Mr. HAMENTON'S. It is needless to add, however, that the practical conclusion at which he arrives is different. He may perhaps have read *Round My House*, and have laid to heart the remark that, "if an anti-clerical Government wished to weaken sacerdotalism effectually, its best means of doing so would be to establish imposing civil ceremonies for the great occasions of private and public life." It is true that the PREFECT'S English counsellor adds that to this "there is the insuperable objection that no modern authority could invent such ceremonies without making them and itself ridiculous." But M. HÉROLD is too true a Frenchman and too good a Radical to admit the possibility of an anti-clerical Government ever becoming ridiculous. The deeds of reactionary Administrations are excellent themes for laughter, but appreciative awe is the only emotion which a Radical authority can possibly evoke. Accordingly, he has issued a circular letter to the Mayors in his department impressing upon them the importance of assuming "a certain solemnity of attitude and costume in the celebration of marriages." He has indeed another object, as will be immediately seen, but in the first instance it is the clothing of the Mayors that he has in mind. It is to be wished that M. HÉROLD had gone a little more into detail upon a matter which he justly thinks especially important "at an epoch when some superficial

spirits are trying to make fun of a ceremony so grand in its simplicity." It would have been interesting to know what is the attitude and what the costume which the PREFECT of the SEINE thinks best calculated to have the effect he desires. Respect for the municipal scarf, he says, exists in France, as it is natural it should when we remember that this scarf is "a creation of 1792." There is reason to think, however, that M. HÉROLD is not so confident upon this point as he professes to be. If the municipal scarf is already universally respected, why should it be necessary to supplement this article of dress by any other? We mean of course by any other official garment. The probable explanation is that M. HÉROLD'S observation of civil marriages has convinced him that a scarf tied round the waist is not in itself solemn, and that so long as the Mayor has only this decoration to trust to, it will be of very little use for him to attempt to make up by solemnity of attitude for what he wants in solemnity of dress. M. HÉROLD'S next step no doubt will be to suggest a complete municipal costume—something, perhaps, between an alderman's gown and a cope, with a device representing the Republic embroidered in three colours on the back; and when this has been done, he may justly feel that he has not held office in vain.

Even then, however, there will be a fly in his ointment, in the shape of a certain Mlle. HUBERTINE AUCLERC. This lady holds advanced, not to say revolutionary, views upon the relative duties of husbands and wives as defined by the Civil Code, and she has lately taken advantage of the ceremony of a civil marriage to impress her opinions upon the newly-wedded couple and their friends. M. HÉROLD is very much exercised about this oratorical addition to the marriage rite. He is afraid that respect for civil marriage will be lessened if "the legislation which creates it" is publicly criticized the moment after the marriage has been celebrated. In this case the Mayor had but just ceased reading certain articles of the Code when Mlle. AUCLERC jumped up and denounced them. We know enough of ladies of Mlle. AUCLERC'S type in England to feel sure that she did not mince matters. She does not seem even to have confined herself to the iniquities of the marriage relation; at least, M. HÉROLD'S assurances that on any other occasion than that of a civil marriage she is free to demand admission to the list of voters, and to claim the right of taking her turn in the army, point to a more general treatment of the inequalities between the sexes. Unfortunately the enemies of civil marriage have got hold of this incident, and have not confined their jokes to Mlle. HUBERTINE AUCLERC. The result is that the respect for civil marriage which M. HÉROLD is so anxious to inculcate by costume and attitude is in danger of being lessened by speech. Of what avail will it be to rig out the Mayor in a municipal vestment of M. HÉROLD'S devising, and to instruct him how to stand and move so as best to bring out the solemnizing influences of his new clothes, if the whole effect is to be destroyed by an inconsiderate attack on the law to administer which he has just dressed and posed himself?

Happily the law provides a remedy even for this unforeseen inconvenience. It is a mistake to suppose that every one has a right to speak at a civil marriage. There is such a thing as brawling out of church, and Mlle. AUCLERC has come very near to being guilty of it. By the terms of the Code the Mayor and the bride and bridegroom are the only persons qualified to break the severe silence of the municipal ceremonial. The Mayor may indeed, in his character of police constable, allow some friend of the newly-married pair to say a few words, and this liberty, if used with moderation, tends, M. HÉROLD thinks, to increase the simple grandeur of the proceedings. But there is no place for Mlle. HUBERTINE AUCLERC. No one must speak unless bidden to do so by the Mayor, and the Mayor must be careful to choose speakers who will confine themselves strictly to the commonplaces contemplated by the Code. If any speakers present themselves without waiting to be invited, the Mayor is to dissolve the meeting and have the room cleared. M. HÉROLD hopes, however, that no good Radical will ever be guilty of acts of defiance persistently enough to call for this strong measure. So long as the Mayor is present the PREFECT assumes that the company will behave themselves. The only way, therefore, for the Mayor to ensure obedience to the law is not to leave the wedding party until they are safe out of the room. In the case which has called for the PREFECT'S intervention, the

Mayor had left before Mlle. AUCLERC rose to her feet. In future this unfortunate official must stay until the last word has been said, and the last compliment paid. If civil marriages are numerous, they may be expected to have much the same effect on a Mayor's brain that repeated funerals are said to have upon the chaplains of popular cemeteries.

EDUCATIONAL CONTROVERSIES.

THE columns of the *Times* have this week been the theatre of two educational controversies, each of which deserves to be watched with some care. The general policy of the Education Code is threatened from one quarter, and the alterations introduced into it during the present year are attacked from another. The London School Board has petitioned the Education Department against an alteration in the limits of age within which attendance may be reckoned for children in elementary schools, and against the proposed exclusion of children in the Fourth Standard from the grant for extra subjects. Lord NORTON proposes to call the attention of the House of Lords to the extent to which middle-class instruction is now given at public expense in elementary schools, and to move that the Education Code be referred to a Select Committee. This latter question will be more conveniently considered when Lord NORTON's motion is nearer at hand; but it may be worth while to point out that there is no necessary antagonism between the terms of the proposed Resolution and the arguments alleged against it by Sir UGHTRED SHUTTLEWORTH in yesterday's *Times*. Lord NORTON has not announced that he will propose to refer the new Education Code to a Select Committee of the House of Lords, nor does he confine his implied censure of the "departure which has now been taken from the "original and still professed scope of national education "in this country" to the Code of 1880. Sir UGHTRED SHUTTLEWORTH might have seen by a simple comparison of dates that Lord NORTON's motion could not be intended as an attack upon the Code of 1880 in particular. That Code, as Sir UGHTRED SHUTTLEWORTH himself states, "was published during the turmoil of the election." The notice of Lord NORTON's motion was given, as he himself says, "some time before the dissolution." Sir UGHTRED SHUTTLEWORTH must have a high opinion of Lord NORTON's prophetic powers if he credits him with proposing, some time before the dissolution, to condemn a document which was only published during the turmoil of the elections. The object of Lord NORTON's Resolution, as we read it, is not criticism of this or that clause in the Education Code, or of the Code for this or that particular year. It is rather to draw the attention of Parliament to a change which has insensibly been going on for many years, which may in itself be a good or a bad change, but which, whether good or bad, has never yet been properly considered. So far as the particular changes introduced into the Code for 1880 from being specially aimed at by Lord NORTON's motion that we should even imagine he would regard them as improvements. It is the whole policy of the "Fourth Schedule" that he wishes to bring under discussion. Sir UGHTRED SHUTTLEWORTH objects to this as the raising of "a "time-honoured scare," and strongly deprecates the reference of the Code to a Select Committee of either House at a moment when it must come under the consideration of a new Committee of Council. This, it might have been thought, rather marks out the moment as a convenient one for the reconsideration by Parliament of any part of an educational policy which has hitherto received insufficient attention. It will be for the House of Lords to weigh Lord NORTON's arguments in behalf of his motion, but we are unable to see that there is any *a priori* reason against a Parliamentary inquiry whether the assimilation of elementary and middle-class education, which is undoubtedly going in some schools, is in accordance with the intentions of the Legislature. Parliament has never yet laid down to what extent it wishes to aid education, and if it is in future to aid secondary education as well as elementary, it had better aid it under its own name and not under another.

The main complaint of the London School Board relates not to the quality of the education given in elementary schools, but to the length of time at which children may remain at school. This dispute must be care-

fully distinguished from the larger question, how the average limits of school age may best be extended. The change in the Code against which the petition of the Board is directed is the introduction of a new definition of an elementary school. It is now proposed to restrict this term to schools for children whose attendance is assumed not to extend beyond their fourteenth year, and by another article it is provided that attendance may not be reckoned for any scholar in a day school who is over fifteen years. At present the limit is eighteen years, and a large majority of the Board are in favour of this higher limit being retained. There is a difference of opinion among the members of the Board as to the real significance of the petition about to be presented. Mr. DIGGLE, who is one of the minority, maintains that the Board "desires the control "of children up to eighteen years of age," and "proposes "to educate young people from fifteen to eighteen years "of age in elementary schools." Miss SIMCOX, who belongs to the majority, maintains that the Board "only "desires to continue to parents and the managers of all "elementary schools the power they have hitherto possessed of carrying on the education of children in exceptional circumstances for a year or two beyond the age of compulsory attendance without forfeiting the claim to Government assistance, and to reserve to itself the power, intentionally granted by former legislation, "of establishing evening schools where industrious youths "who have gone to work may continue their education a little beyond the modest limits of Standard VI., even, if "they wish it, up to the advanced age of seventeen." It is not apparent how the latter object will be interfered with by the alteration in the Code, the provision that attendance may not be reckoned for children over fifteen being expressly limited to scholars in "day" schools. But Miss SIMCOX, in her praiseworthy desire to promote education, misunderstands the gist of the argument in favour of the change in the Code. There are two reasons why it is not desirable to keep children at school beyond the age of compulsory attendance with the aid of Government assistance—one relating to the interests of the school, the other relating to the interests of the taxpayer. The first is that, if the distinction between elementary and secondary teaching is broken down, it is extremely likely that the elementary teaching will suffer. When the same school contains children who are being taught to read, write, and cipher—so far as these arts can be communicated in the too brief space during which the great majority of the poor can afford to forego their children's earnings—and older children who are remaining at school "under exceptional "circumstances" (the exception usually being that their parents can afford to keep them there), it will be only natural that the teacher should take more interest in the minority than in the majority. They will be further on in their work, they will have come to a more intelligent age, and they will often be children of unusually quick parts. No provision on the part of the school managers can prevent a disproportionate share of the teacher's time and thought falling to the share of this attractive minority, and in so far as this share is disproportionate, it must be so to the detriment of the unattractive majority. If the object of educational legislation is to insure that no child shall grow up destitute of the rudiments of learning, that object will certainly not be promoted by the mixing up in the same school of children who are learning the rudiments and young people between fifteen and eighteen who would not be at school at all if they did not wish to learn something more than the rudiments.

As regards the taxpayers, we have no desire to prejudge the question to what extent secondary education should be paid for by the State. It is enough to say, first, that it ought not to be paid for by the State until Parliament has considered the subject and voted money for the purpose; and next, that, if that money is voted, it ought to be spent in the way that will best advance secondary education. The plan of carrying on the education of children in elementary schools up to the age of eighteen offends against both these conditions. It involves the diversion of Government assistance specifically granted for one purpose to another and quite different purpose. The reasons which make it expedient for children to receive the rudiments of education at the public expense are quite distinct from any reasons which would make it expedient for children to carry on their education up to the age of eighteen at the public expense; and the Legislature which has recognized the force of the former

reasons cannot be held by so doing to have recognized the force of the latter. If Parliament should hereafter desire to aid secondary education, it is to be hoped that it will adopt some more effectual plan than one which should encourage the managers of elementary schools to carry on the education of a few children under conditions which would be equally unfavourable for the majority and the minority of the scholars.

JOURNAL OF A DOCTOR IN MARLBOROUGH'S WARS.

TRAVELLERS in the East are constantly amused by foolish stories of inexhaustible treasures supposed to be concealed in the ruins of palaces and forts. Englishmen might more profitably speculate on the existence of real treasures of a different kind, much more accessible and nearer home. We do not refer to ingots of silver or pots filled with Roman or Saxon coins, but to books and manuscripts hidden in chests, libraries, and drawers in many a country house in England, never rummaged since the family lawyer made some change in the entail during the life of the grandfather of the present owner. We believe that a diligent search, such as Scott made for ballads in the farmhouses and hamlets of the Border, might bring to light diaries and journals of inestimable value to those who like to penetrate beneath the surface of history and to know how their ancestors talked, dressed, and wrote. One of these waifs and strays of unpublished literature has recently fallen into our hands. It is entitled *Dr. Armstrong's Journal of his Travels in 1708 during the War in Flanders between the French and the Allies commanded by the D. of Marlborough*. As far as we can ascertain, this diary has never been printed. It fills 53 pages of close writing of that clear, bold, and legible type, which in these days of hurried post-cards and needless circulars seems to be a forgotten accomplishment. The journal is divided into two parts, and the covering letters bear date respectively September 25th, 1708, N.S. Leyden, and July 10th, 1711, Douai. The first packet is addressed to the writer's "honoured father" and the second to his "loving brother," and there is a third written to his father and mother, in which this dutiful son sends his parents a copy of the Doctor's degree which had been conferred on him by Adolphus Le Large, Doctor and Professor of the faculty of Physick in the famous University and archbishopric of Rheims. Of Dr. Armstrong's birthplace, parentage, and town or county, the letters give few particulars. We gather that he lived near Sherborne in Dorsetshire. His diary is made up of odd and interesting details and adventures; and modern special correspondents, scribbling doctors, and irrepressible friends in camp may care to know how civilians fared in days when there were no indiscreet telegrams to carry information to the enemy, and no ready writers who felt quite equal to the task of showing Lord Clyde or Lord Napier of Magdala how to finish their campaigns. Dr. Armstrong appears to have tried to combine professional advancement with sight-seeing; and a spirit of adventure led him into all sorts of queer scrapes, out of which he extricated himself with considerable dexterity. He was once or twice captured by robbers and *francs-tireurs*, and stripped almost to his shirt. Letters addressed to him went astray and took seven weeks to reach their destination. He got no remittances from home, and had to put a bold face on matters, and live on credit. He came in for a night attack when in camp, and heard bullets whistling about his ears. He had a fight with a huge Dutchman. He was taken for a Frenchman and brought before the Great Duke himself. In short, he went through a variety of experiences which are described with no small point and much humour, and we shall endeavour to give their substance as far as space permits.

Leaving Leyden in August 1708, he went to Rotterdam, where all the "yats on the river were hired to meet the Queen of Portugal." At Dort, the chamber where the famous Synod was held had raised his expectations; but it turned out to be "an old tattered room, very like our Church house in the days of old Dyer the Town-clerk." At Antwerp he was "mighty surprised" at the representation of the Virgin Mary on all the corners of the street, as well as at their cloisters, nunneries, chapples, and worship, "than which nothing so ridiculously superstitious." A procession of Notre Dame for the gathering of the fruits of the earth, with a train of tailors, weavers, coppersmiths, bakers, millers, and what not, with poles in their hands on the top of which were "poppets," struck him as the oddest thing he had ever seen. A company of Jesuits extravagantly decked out in gold and silver was followed by a company of Jack Puddings in blue and yellow, who made melodious music, though every one, like the proverbial Dutchman, beat his own march and played his own tune. Afterwards this "Thomas Armstrong, living in Holland," obtained from the French a document allowing him to pass and repass, for which he had to pay one pistole; a sum which he grudged less than a like amount paid for a berlin of the same nature as our Hackney Coach. "This last was the worst spent money as ever I bestowed." We regret to say that this was not his only piece of ill-luck. The berlin was stopped by two men who took him for a German, but let him go, only to fall a little further on into the hands of forty or fifty Frenchmen, who paid no regard to the King's pass, on the ground that the Duke of Marlborough had intercepted some wines and provisions of the Duke of Burgundy. However, the Duke of Vendome, "attended by the French Princes of the blood and the

Chevalier de St. George, alias K. J. the 8th, alias the Pretended P. of Wales," spake the captives civilly, and allowed them to walk about in the town of Ghent. While examining the fortifications, "rampiers," and palisades, he chanced to come on his friend Sir Henry Sterling looking out of his prison, who, with his uncle Aisking (Erskine) of Edenburg, was in a very "indifferent pickel," but overjoyed to see an English face. Soon after this the whole party were liberated and they went over the field of Oudenarde. At this point some proposed to buy horses and ride, but our Doctor thought the price extravagant, and preferred to walk with a Highland gentleman, one Sincklar (Sinclair), related to my Lord Sincklar, student of law, of the strongest body, and the best swordsmen in Leyden. This walking tour, however, turned out very indifferently. Heavy boots, a frieze coat, and a musket were inconvenient under the sun of September; and, when they reached the English camp, they could hardly get to the tent door. Here the English and French armies were only a league apart. They chanced to light on a friend in one Captain Armstrong, and were much edified by divine service, performed under a canopy with a drum for a desk. Then they were very anxious to see a real battle, but all expectation came to nothing. However, as the Doctor was at breakfast, a stray cannon ball took off the head of the Prince of Orange's valet, while a bullet sent from the citadel very nearly "spoyle the edging" of this worthy Doctor's hat. He takes care to tell his father, "If I had a call to approach the enemy, I value the cannon as little as any man." But at the same time he admits that he cut a caper when the balls came tumbling about him and the earth trembled. He adds, "I now verily believe I should make a good soul'dier, if all trades fail." The upshot of all this excitement was that at last he did witness something of a fight. How and Temple's regiments went out to drive away some French foragers; Colonel Armstrong led on his men, as sedate and unconcerned as Marlborough himself; and in less than half an hour the green was covered with the dead bodies of Frenchmen, and the English returned to their dinner with a good appetite, having soundly thrashed the enemy. The Doctor and his friends then left the camp to encounter worse dangers than the bullets from Lisle. In a wood near Grammont they were attacked and disarmed by a party of deserters, and fully expected to be flung into the nearest river. How he told "Sincklar" to prepare for another world, though convinced that a dying hour was no fit time for repentance; how he was deeply affected with the recollection of his father, mother, brother, and sister, and Poppum Lane; how one of the marauders handled his gun very carelessly; how the writer, seeing a chance, had a great desire to kill the captain of the band but was prevented by a cautious divine of the company; how the captives were stripped of shirts, cravats, and hats; how, like Dominie Sampson when feasting with Meg Merrilees in the ruins of Derncleugh, Dr. Armstrong fairly drank to the marauding Captain's health in a glass of sound Geneva; and how they were all finally let go with a few shillings to take them to Leiden, is very naively told at too great length for us to reproduce. A Popish priest, however, took compassion on them and gave them a meal in a country house and good straw to lie on, and so they eventually got safe to Brussels, Antwerp, Rotterdam, and Leyden. The first part of the journal ends here with the satisfactory announcement of the receipt of a letter from home, and one hundred guilders from young Mr. Vicary, of Exon.

We fear that some of the correspondence has been destroyed or lost, for the second part of the journal bears date later by three years than the first, and refers to letters "as usual." From this date there is a cessation of fighting and looting, and we get instead an account of the writer's increasing practice with hopes of becoming Physician Extraordinary. We find a mysterious notice of a legacy or fortune of 7,000*l.*; mention of scarcity of provisions in England, and of the extravagant prices at French ordinaries, and the strange cookery of frogs and mushrooms with the tail of a rat and a bat's wing; sundry regular visits to the hospitals; the prayer of a Scotch doctor for mercy on tavern keepers, that "ha' sic a conscience as to tak twa shilling for the wee bit that I ha' eaten"; and other incidents of life at Douai. From this town an excursion was made to various places in the Low Countries. At Rotterdam he had his fight with a huge greasy butter-box of a Dutch skipper, whose head and shoulders were of the right bear-garden breed. The language is somewhat metaphorical, but we gather that our Doctor's physical education had not been neglected and that he fairly put his adversary to the rout. At Cambrai he heard what he terms a doleful relation of some soldiers being buried alive at the rear of the English camp by a certain Colonel Pococke, and we at first thought, with feelings of horror, that Netherlandish atrocities might have outdone even the massacre of Glencoe. But a few lines further on we discovered that this Colonel Pococke was only a practical joker in his way, and had simply consigned to earth, not the persons of his soldiers, but their huge wigs, because he disapproved of this fashion as unsoldierlike and disadvantageous to their appearance. This solemn interment of the offending head-dress was talked of in camp as "a good comical whim." This is followed by an anecdote of a pot-valiant captain who, returning to camp, challenged a horse, mistaking it in his cups for a man, and put the animal to flight. This is described as not paralleled by anything in Parysmenos, Don Bellion of Greece, Montelion Knight of the Oracle, or in the renowned history of the Seven Champions of Christendom, "No! would you sift Don Quixote throughout." We

should note here that, in order to get to Cambray, the author had to pass through French territory, or territory in occupation of the enemy, where *Areste vous* soon brought him up. Like poor Tom, he was carried from tything to tything, and brought before the Governor, who required a substantial person to answer for his honesty, and sent him on to St. Kantine (St. Quentin) with a file of musqueteers. Between Cambray and St. Quentin he was invited to pray for the soul of the Dauphin by a queer sort of circular, adorned with a death's head and cross-bones, in large character, and printed on royal paper. Every one was praying for the deceased and fasting to an extraordinary extent. But, though "extravagantly religious," the inhabitants were remarkably unpleasant in their complexions, being like so many apparitions of Westphalia hams. On this march Dr. Armstrong had to submit to what he regarded as the intolerable inconvenience of drinking champagne and burgundy instead of "beere and ale." Passing through a small town he was courted by women, whom he believed to be "very honest too." He had to take to his heels and seek a sanctuary in a house full of Chapman and pedlars, who plagued him to buy rosaries and beads and images of saints, and ended by excommunicating him for a d—d son of a Huguenot. To cover his retreat he scattered some copper coins among them while they sang "Ora pro nobis" as merry as crickets, and promised to repeat so many "Ave Marias" and so many "Pater noster" at such and such altars for his prosperous campaigns.

He then trudged over hills and through "tattered villages" till he could discern the spires of Rheims. All this time the excessive heat of his upper coat made his body in a very greasy pickle; his hat scaled and snapped like puff paste; and his face and hands were tinged of a curious saffron dye. On arriving at Rheims he challenged all the Professors to a trial of skill at back-sword, quarterstaff, case and faulchions, which, he explains, are synonymous terms for botanie, anatomie, and pharmacie. We confess our ignorance, as but for this timely explanation we should have imagined that, like Friar Tuck, this valiant Doctor had intended to make his quarterstaff ring noon on the head of a rival veteran in the art. The combat lasted for two hours. He had been primed with a bottle of that champagne to which a short time previously he had preferred honest English ale. It is not surprising that all the Professors, who were six times his number, could not give him a fair fall, but they brought him, he confesses, on one knee. We regret that, in utter disregard of modern Boards of Examiners, there is no trace of the questions or theses preferred to the candidate. But it is clear that the most rigid requirements of the profession were satisfied, for they "clapt an antediluvian cap on my head, which never sees the sun but on such an occasion, and then, with one voice, 'twas, 'rise up Doctor Thomas Armstrong, you are a person worthy to ride in our troop.'" Molière, we may remember, not many years before this time, had described a similar scene with the refrain, "Bene bene respondere; dignus es intrare in nostro docto corpore." Still admission was not obtained without payment of fees, which were doubled because the candidate was neither an Irishman nor a Roman Catholic; but the Professors, after all, dismissed him with a blessing, gave him copious advice about his practice, and recommended him to sell packets of drugs at every market town, with the addition of a tumbler or Jack Pudding, such being easy to find in that country. Returning to St. Quentin he joined a party attended by a military escort, as there was little else but robbery and murder stirring in the country, and sure enough, near a wood, one of the King's guard was shot in the belly by two or three fellows. The accident was, however, very commodious, as there was a "chapple" hard by, in which this unlucky dragoon was provided with snug lying and a split willow stuck at the head of his grave. No wonder that these "sly tricks," supposed to be played by peasants, possessed the author "with a desire to get into our own garrison." Nothing further happened on this tour, except that they fell in with some Frenchmen, one of whom hazarded the remark that one of King Louis's household would put four Dutchmen to flight, but, as for the English and their d—d predestinarian principles, there was no hope of winning a field from them, until they were cut to pieces. Here, in spite of his pass and the civility of the Governor of Cambray, he was ordered to be taken before Marshal Villars; but he managed to slip away in the night by a back door, and reach the English lines, where a North British Sergeant received him, and made him a delicious dish of Scots collops, with brown beer and Geneva to boot, without charging him as much as one farthing. As a set-off against this civil treatment somerudeness was shown by our Danishes, who taxed him with concealment of his profession, put him into the custody of some surly fellows, and made him pass one night in a sutler's tent, on the bare ground, where he had to console himself with a can of flip. When brought before our Duke and asked if he was related to the Armstrong with Prince Eugène, he very prudently replied that he was related to all the Armstrongs, whereupon he got back his sword and his liberty, and, meeting with a friend in Dr. Sandilands, obtained his remittances and paid all his debts.

It is satisfactory to be assured that after these escapes, adventures, and penurious struggles, he set himself seriously to the practice of his profession, found the physicians wonderfully civil, gained experience in all sorts of cases, and made a shift to live out of fifteen shillings a day. Somehow his conscience seems to have been a source of disquietude to him, and we have an insight into two dreams about a squadron of French ghosts, a churchyard, a skeleton, and two musqueteers sent by the Universal Monarch to despatch him in a minute. But he

awoke, and "behold it was a dream." The Diary concludes with a night attack made by some 8,000 French on Palm's regiment, which they entirely demolished; to be stopped in their victorious career by other British boys in their shirts and boots, and no coats or breeches. The hail of bullets led the author seriously to reflect that, though he fully designed to die on a bed of honour, a doctor was a person worth taking care of; so, like a man of honour, he ran away, guided by the light of the firing and more than ever confirmed in his predestinarian principles. No one, we are happy to record, blamed him for this *celerem fugam*, unless it was when he stood a few minutes to look for his breeches, in which were two or three guilders. We cordially endorse the concluding sentence of the Diary, where our correspondent holds that his epistle differs from the common sort, being entirely good nonsense, begin or end where you please. A man of such opportunities and activity of body would, had he lived in our time, have probably increased the revenue of the Telegraph Department by paying heavily for columns of flashy narrative, impudent attempts at political and military dictation, and grotesque errors of fact. As it is, he has left us a diary which, disfigured by a little egotism and by only occasional coarseness, is conspicuous for quaint touches of humour, and for a simplicity and a truthfulness which we may look for in vain in many a budget from Zululand or Cabul.

POLISHING OFF PEAKS.

If there were many climbers equal to Mr. Edward Whymper the world would soon have need of a fresh supply of mountains. Mr. Whymper, as we learn from a letter printed in the *Times*, has lately been "doing" a few little hills in Ecuador. He has passed "twenty-six consecutive hours on the top of Cotopaxi," and he has succeeded "in polishing off Chimborazo, Corazon, Sincholagna, and Antisana." He has learnt, as he tells us, how to be "quite gay and lively" at a height of 19,500 feet. At the date of his letter he was about to set out upon a fresh excursion, in the course of which he hoped to "polish off Saranen and Cotocachi." He has his eye on an active volcano, whereof the precise height is as yet unknown; and in the meantime he complains bitterly of the "way in which one's time gets muddled away" in this interesting region. It appears that "directly you get into a town or village you seem to be stuck fast." With the best intentions, this energetic mountaineer cannot escape from the dullness of the plains; and, apart from other obstacles, one of Mr. Whymper's guides had had his feet frost-bitten, so that for five weeks he was utterly useless. This, it may be admitted, is altogether inexcusable; and all mountaineers of right feeling will sympathize with Mr. Whymper's annoyance. Their sympathy will perhaps be increased from a knowledge of the fact that these daring ascents are wholly disinterested. Mountaineering in Ecuador so far resembles virtue that it must perform rest content to be its own reward. The climate, we are candidly informed, is the "most utterly abominable that can be imagined." It is in vain that Mr. Whymper abandons the monotonous life of the towns; for, however lofty his position, he can get no clear view. During the whole time of his sojourn among the hill-tops he has not been favoured with one clear day. He has scaled the most difficult peaks; but wherever he has gone he has found everything "bottled up in a mist," and an hour of clear weather from six to seven in the morning is the utmost concession that he has been able to win from the hostile elements. It is evident, therefore, that Mr. Whymper's ardour as a mountaineer has not been complicated by any guilty weakness for the picturesque. A lofty peak is in his eyes a huge object hidden in a fog which requires to be "polished off." Once this desirable result has been attained, the conquered mountain retires into obscurity, or is handed over to those feeble sentimentalists who gaze at its majestic form from the level of the plains.

It is doubtful whether climbing, considered as a separate pursuit, is capable of much further development. Within a very short space of time all the inaccessible heights of the world will have been successfully "polished off," and some new and more exciting occupation will have to be found for the enterprising members of the Alpine Club. This aspect of the question suggests a very difficult social problem with which a future generation will have to deal. Mountaineering in its modern sense has created a distinct type of manhood which imperatively demands fit and sufficient exercise for its strength. To make mountains out of molehills is an achievement only possible in the sphere of moral ideas, and yet, unless these gentlemen can be supplied with new and difficult peaks as they are required, society will be threatened with a grave danger. For it must always be an element of peril to the well-being of the community when a strong and able-bodied class of men are thrown suddenly out of work. High-spirited climbers like Mr. Whymper will never consent to interest themselves a second time in peaks that have been once "polished off," and the day is fast approaching when even an "active volcano" will seem but a tame affair. What then, it may be asked, is to be the future of this formidable band? If the boasted playground of Europe could be blown up by an explosion of dynamite on a colossal scale, such well-worn and hackneyed peaks as the Matterhorn might perhaps take a novel and interesting shape. The jaded appetite of the Alpine Club would submit to a momentary revival, and the labour of "polishing off" would have to be taken over again. But even this, even if it were possible,

would be but a tinkering attempt to solve a serious problem. The world we live in is after all but a very small place, and to no class must it seem so small and uneventful as to the professional mountaineer. No attempt to reconstruct the surface of the earth upon any human plan which scientific ingenuity could devise would satisfy their just aspirations. Society in regard to their ever-increasing requirements will speedily find itself in the difficulty that has to be encountered by a powerful monarch with an enormous standing army. An extensive war may meet the immediate danger, but it only serves in the event to strengthen the spirit which has rendered war a necessity. We would strongly deprecate, therefore, any attempt to tamper with the surface of the earth in order to satisfy the Alpine Club. Concessions of this kind offered to a dangerous class only increase their influence, and it would be wiser to try to devise some vast scheme of aerial emigration which would place them in possession of another and a more mountainous planet. And, after all, the problem to which we have referred, although full of danger for the future, scarcely concerns the present age. We ought rather in our time to indulge a just feeling of pride that the process of "polishing off" has been so nearly completed, and that this result is in so large a measure due to the energies of what is called the Anglo-Saxon race. Thanks to the untiring devotion of the Alpine Club, even the most mighty mountain is now clearly demonstrated to be but a poor and petty exhibition of nature, which is fast failing in attraction even for the class for whose special amusement it may be said to exist.

It would be a curious speculation to consider in what degree this modern pursuit of mountaineering will ultimately affect the sentiment of the picturesque. There was a time when the hilly regions of the world were regarded with a feeling almost of dread and repulsion. The lack of appreciation for the beauty of the wilder forms of nature which characterized preceding centuries has perhaps been exaggerated, but there can at least be no question that the passionate love of landscape is in a special sense the property of the modern spirit. Under the austere genius of Wordsworth mountains began to be reverently worshipped. The puny little specimens of natural grandeur which sufficed to excite his imagination would now be greeted with derision by the Alpine Club; but the sentiments which he sought to express found a genuine response in the prevailing spirit of his time. Since Wordsworth's day, however, mountains have been made to step down from their pedestal. His attitude of grave and yet fervent admiration has been exchanged for a more familiar knowledge, and the world has learned to place itself upon easy and intimate terms of relationship with peaks that seemed to be of awful and inaccessible grandeur. Thanks in a great degree to the efforts of the Alpine Club, the mountain is now shown to be a very commonplace manifestation of nature. For a while certain individual peaks retained a measure of distinction, owing to the doubts that were entertained as to the possibility of getting to the top of them. But one after another these unfortunate hills have been forced to lower their pretensions. They have, in fact, to quote again Mr. Whymper's expressive phrase, been completely "polished off," and the result, although admirable in itself, has been almost fatal to their reputation. No modern mind can entertain much respect for a hill which it is possible to climb. And with the loss of respect, there goes also the sentiment of beauty; for it would be idle to urge the claims of any mountain which is known to be classified in the Transactions of the Alpine Club as a peak of the second, or perhaps of the third, class. It is possibly due to this cause, as much as to an inevitable reaction from the earlier enthusiasm, that the lovers of the picturesque now show a decided tendency to revert to the beauties of uneventful landscape. The flat and gently undulating places of the earth are once more to be allowed a chance, and painters are already turning their attention to the study of a kind of beauty such as would formerly have been deemed unworthy of consideration. In a little while poetry will perhaps follow the lead of art, and Switzerland, deserted and neglected, will cease to exist save in the memory of mountaineers of the old school.

DEAN STANLEY ON ROMAN VARIATIONS.

DEAN STANLEY is nothing if not picturesque. It is perhaps unfortunate that theology should have become—we cannot say his special study, for he knows very little about it—but his special profession and fancy. It affords less scope than some other subjects for original treatment, and what Luther said of ignoring it altogether may be applied with even greater force to those who handle it without adequate preparation, *neglectum sui ulceritum*. Still, when a clever man of versatile intellect and considerable power of expression, and with an abnormal capacity of seeing a long way into brick walls—accompanied, as is natural, with an equal incapacity for seeing what is obvious to ordinary eyes—undertakes to give us his views on a question which he has thought a good deal about, and on which he believes he has something to say, he is pretty sure to be more or less interesting, though the interest may be quite as much due to the eccentricity of his mistakes as to the value of his discoveries. The Dean is hardly the most competent person to break a lance with the illustrious author of the *Variations of Protestantism*. However, he has convinced himself that much instruction may be derived from a bird's eye

view, in a friendly and appreciative spirit, of "the Variations of Catholicism"; the chief advantage being, if we rightly understand him, to prove how great a blessing it is to the world that Christianity should be split up into some hundreds of conflicting sects, and that all of them—the Roman communion included, if she would only recognize her true blessedness—are habitually inconsistent, not only with each other but with themselves. In regard to the Roman Church he proposes to exhibit this inconsistency, in his paper in *Fraser's Magazine*, by examining her condition first before and then after the Reformation. That he has made some telling points we are far from wishing to deny, though, even where he is right in the main, his statement of the case is seldom free from blundering or exaggeration; but he also falls into many conspicuous mistakes, both in his facts and his inferences, to some of which we shall presently call attention. The principle from which he starts, though characteristically overstated, is an important but hardly to any student of Church history a novel one. That the mediæval Catholic Church, which included the whole of Europe, included many elements which have since been drafted off into Protestantism, is obvious on the face of it, and it follows that a certain historical continuity has been preserved in both the great divisions of Western Christendom. But to say that this continuity—meaning thereby moral continuity, not episcopal succession, which lies entirely beyond the purview of the article—has been maintained "in the same sense" in the "Churches of England and Scotland"—i.e. the Kirk—as in the Roman Church, is simply paradoxical. It puts rather a strain on our powers of imagination to be told that not only "is Leo XIII. the successor of Gregory the Great in the same sense as the present Archbishop of Canterbury is the successor of Augustine," but also in the same sense as "the present Principal of St. Andrews is the successor of the first Provost, appointed by Bishop Kennedy." However, the Dean has a substratum of fact to go upon here, and he illustrates the presence of what he calls Protestant elements in the ante-Reformation Church happily enough by reference to "the free-spoken language adopted both by clergy and laymen before the Reformation, on the subject of ecclesiastical abuses." He might have added the free-spoken language of Councils, for there was hardly a mediæval Council, General or Provincial, that did not ring with the denunciation of clerical abuses, and make at least some attempt, however ineffectual, to remedy them. But it seems to have escaped his notice that the explanation of this contrast between mediæval and modern practice—which by no means applies exclusively to the Church of Rome—is not far to seek, and does not altogether bear out his view of the unmixed "benefit to the world" of what the Prayer-Book calls "our unhappy divisions." As long as human nature remains what it is, people will have an instinctive dislike to "washing their dirty linen in public," and therefore while Christendom is divided into a number of antagonistic, or at least rival, Churches, the members of each will be apt to make the most of their neighbours' failings, and do their best to conceal or extenuate their own. In the middle ages there was no risk of having to wash one's dirty linen in public, because there was no outside public to witness the unedifying spectacle. Men could afford to be free-spoken because they were speaking among friends, and it was the common interest of all who cared about religion that "the great roomy universal Church"—to use a phrase of George Eliot's—to which they all belonged, should be kept decently and in order.

The Dean's first detailed illustration of his thesis no less strikingly illustrates his own peculiar idiosyncrasies of method and view. He has got hold of an important fact, which has for obvious reasons been too much overlooked by controversialists, and is quite worth noting; but in his usual fashion of overstatement and misstatement, he mixes it up with what are not facts at all, and puts on it an interpretation of his own which would have not a little amazed those immediately concerned. Referring to some significant disciplinary and ritual changes which took place in the thirteenth century, he tells us that "in the middle ages the two sacraments were *completely transformed*." The phrase "the two sacraments," if it is anything more than a slip of the pen, is an unfortunate one in every way. In the first place, the Dean at once proceeds to speak not of two ordinances but of three—Baptism, Communion, and Confirmation; in the next place, he must be well aware that the Church of Rome at the period he refers to had for several centuries recognized seven sacraments, while the dual enumeration did not come in till three centuries later, at the Reformation; and lastly, his supposed "transformation" of Baptism is a mare's-nest. His point is that in the thirteenth century the administration of the Eucharist to infants, which had invariably prevailed throughout Christendom up to that period as is still the case in the Eastern Church, was abandoned; that the form of Baptism was changed from total immersion, which "its name indicates," to "the totally different rite of sprinkling"; and that "Confirmation was deferred to an age of consciousness," meaning apparently age of reason. The abolition of infant Communion was undoubtedly a very sweeping innovation, far more so under some aspects than the contemporaneous withdrawal of the chalice from the laity (which the Dean does not notice at all), as it altogether deprived a very large proportion of the baptized members of the Church—something between half and a third probably—of the Sacrament which had always before been administered to them. That so little notice has been taken of this momentous change in later ages, while the controversy has raged so hotly over the administration of Communion under one kind, arises of course from the fact of all the Protestant

bodies having followed the Roman "innovation" on the one point—as also in the postponement of Confirmation, where the rite has been retained, "to an age of consciousness"—while returning to the earlier usage on the other point. The custom of deferring Confirmation came in, however, very gradually in the Latin Church; it was often administered to infants till a different rule was established by the Council of Trent, though its reservation in the West to the Episcopal order made it impossible to follow the Eastern usage of regularly uniting it with the administration of Baptism. There is a curious survival of the old tradition in the note appended to the English Baptismal Office stating that baptized children, dying before they commit actual sin, are undoubtedly saved, which was inserted to meet the scruples of parents who were anxious about the salvation of their children when dying unconformed. We cannot however agree with Dean Stanley that "no more severe blow has ever been dealt against the magical and mystical theory of the sacramental system" than by this deferring of Confirmation and first Communion, considering that the "magical and mystical" use of infant Baptism was retained, and that nothing was further from the thoughts of those who introduced the change than to disprove the validity of infant Communion. As to Baptism the Dean is doubly, or rather trebly, wrong. "The rite of sprinkling" or aspersion has never been sanctioned by the Roman Church, and finds no countenance in the rubrics of the English Prayerbook. And the late Mr. Wharton Marriott has shown, in his learned article on the subject in Smith's *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, first that the word "baptize" may just as well signify pouring or affusion, which is the form sanctioned by both the Roman and Anglican ritual, as immersion; and, secondly, that both practices had existed side by side in the Christian Church from a very early age. To speak of the transition from immersion to affusion as strictly analogous to "the abolition of the water of baptism by the Society of Friends"—i.e. the disuse of the sacrament altogether—argues a daring to which we should scarcely have expected even Dean Stanley to be equal. It is a lighter matter that he should speak of the Canon of the Mass "containing two elements entirely incompatible with two of the most widely recognized doctrines of the Roman Church," one of which elements does not occur in "the Canon of the Mass" at all, while the supposed incompatibility of either with Roman doctrines rests only on his failure to comprehend their meaning. Neither again would anybody not gifted with his singular capacity for discerning non-existent distinctions and ignoring those which are real, imagine that to recognize the nullity of marriage in certain cases "amounts to the same thing" as the permission of divorce, or that clerical celibacy is more than a disciplinary institution which the stanchest infallibilist would allow to be variable in its own nature and one about which the Church might conceivably make mistakes.

But the strange mixture of "*facta, infecta*" which constitutes so marked a peculiarity of Dean Stanley's method may perhaps be most readily exemplified by examining three of his consecutive points; on the first of which he appears to us to be substantially right both in his facts and his inference; in the second, right in his facts, which however are for his purpose irrelevant; in the third, entirely wrong in his facts from his ignorance or contemptuous ignoring of ordinary theological terminology. First comes a reference, which he has probably borrowed from *Janus*, to the extraordinary variation of Papal decrees on the reality of witchcraft and the lawfulness of usury. Of the fact there can be no doubt, and the points at issue do touch directly on questions of faith and morality. Not so the Dean's next example, which concerns the different treatment of actors in the French and Italian Church. But that is a mere point of detail, which might very conceivably and not unreasonably be affected by differences of time and place, just as the opinion of religious people as to the lawfulness of attending theatres might be largely affected by circumstances of the kind. In his third example the Dean has touched indeed on an important matter of doctrine, but he entirely mistakes his authorities. We are first told of a devotional work by a certain Dr. Furniss, published *permisso superiorum*, which contains, we believe, very startling and repulsive descriptions—though not worse than may be found in some Protestant works—of the future torments of the wicked. It is then added, truly enough, that "nothing could justify such a publication except the most absolute certainty on the subject," the subject evidently from the context meaning, not the particular details of Dr. Furniss's book—which he would no doubt himself allow to be matters of opinion—but the doctrine of eternal punishment itself. Now there is not a shadow of doubt as to what the doctrine of the Church of Rome on that subject is. The Dean however observes that it is an entirely open question:—

Not only are there expressions of a totally different character in Tertullian, Origen, St. Gregory of Nyssa, St. Gregory of Nazianzus, St. Ambrose—the three last recognised by the Roman Church as canonised saints—but even in modern times a brief but significant hint is dropped in a footnote to a well-known work by the foremost theologian of that Church, that the Catholic Church has never ruled anything at all on the subject.

As to his patristic authorities—among whom, by the way, St. Ambrose and Tertullian have no business to appear—it would strain even the ostrich stomach of the extremest Vaticanist to digest a theory of infallibility which made the Church responsible for all the statements of her accredited or even canonized writers; and Origen was condemned, instead of being canonized, expressly on account of his alleged heresies on this matter. But the appeal to Cardinal Newman's authority is the most infelicitous, though it is

due to Dean Stanley to say that he gives his readers the opportunity of appreciating its value by quoting in a footnote the passage cited from Petavius in Dr. Newman's *Grammar of Assent*: "De hac damnatorum saltem hominum *respiratione* nihil adhuc certe decretum est ab Ecclesiâ Catholica." Petavius, whom the illustrious author of the *Defensio Fidei Nicenæ* counted a foeman worthy of his steel, is no doubt one of the highest theological authorities of the Jesuit Order and of his Church during the last three centuries, and his statement cited by Cardinal Newman is so unquestionably true that every tiro in theological literature knows it to be almost a truism; but the Dean has entirely misconceived its meaning through a misconstruction of the critical word *respiratione*, from which his knowledge of Latin, if he knew nothing of the theological question involved, might have been expected to preserve him. *Respiratio* does not mean restoration, as the Dean's argument requires, but a respite or intermission of suffering, and it has been a very general opinion among Latin theologians of all ages that there may be in course of time a mitigation or even total cessation of the bodily sufferings of the lost; and on that point, which is quite distinct from the doctrine of eternal punishment, the Roman Catholic Church has certainly pronounced no decision. Of course we merely refer to the matter here as illustrating the Dean's incurable confusion of thought.

On one point where it was scarcely possible for him to go wrong, as to the marvellous divergences in the Roman Church on Papal infallibility, he has said what is very true, though it has often been said before. And as the matter is of considerable interest, as well for those without as within the Roman pale, and the case is fairly and forcibly summed up in the following passage, we will conclude by presenting it to our readers as it stands:—

Compare the language of the Spanish or French prelates who promoted the dogmas of the Vatican Council with the language of the Irish Roman Catholic prelates who, in answer to the question, "What is Papal Infallibility?" caused the cœtchumen to reply "It is a Protestant Calumny." Compare the almost adoring language held by extreme Ultramontanes respecting Pius IX., with the latest utterances of Montalembert, who spoke of him as "the idol in the Vatican"; or with the contemptuous style in which the whole subject was treated by the distinguished Catholic laymen who, for a short time, ventured to express their opinions in the public journals of England. Compare the language of the two highest Roman authorities in England. One of them supported with all his energy the promulgation of the dogma, and afterwards spoke of its importance and its force in the most unqualified terms. The other regarded the formation of the dogma as the work of "an aggressive insolent faction which," as a student, "he could not defend in the face of the facts of history"; and, even after accepting it, he reduced his allegiance to the very minimum of which human language is capable. Or, again, consider the assertions of those members of the Roman Communion who declare that they have acquiesced in this dogma, to their co-religionists so important, only on the understanding that as no Pope from the beginning of time ever has spoken authoritatively, so it is probable that no Pope to the end of time will ever speak; or, as another alternative, that the moment any Pope falls into error, that moment *ipso facto* he ceases to be a Pope, and therefore, ceases to speak as an authority. And to these variations amongst theologians we ought to add those still wider divergences which exist amongst the large classes of the Roman Communion, whose numbers form a material element in the dazzling pretensions which it puts forth; and yet of whom it is not too much to say, both amongst the educated and uneducated classes, there are thousands to whom the Pope's claims to infallibility are entirely ineptive. It might perhaps be asked whether, even amongst the strongest upholders of the dogma, any one ever quotes or accepts it except on behalf of something to which he is previously inclined. For all other cases, the qualifications in reserve are so large and numerous as to supply some means of escape.

THE SWORD OF OUR FATHERS.

THE sword of our fathers has again been drawn from its scabbard. We do not mean the sabre so dear to that sweet damsel the Grand Duchess of Geroistein, but a much more deadly weapon, and one pointed at a far more august throat than any of the antagonists of the redoubtable Fritz. The existence and the use of this most necessary instrument of defence, even more than of defiance, was revealed to us just eleven years since by the very man who is now quivering under its gleam. So certainly in every age does the doom recur

Fas necis artices arte perire sua.

February 23, 1869, was a day to be much and long remembered in our Parliamentary history, for upon it a great man made a great maiden speech at a great constitutional crisis. A wicked lord, Bury by title, with the characteristic effrontery of an hereditary aristocrat, asked leave of the House of Commons to bring in a Bill to relieve from the burden of re-election those men of light and leading whom Her Majesty might summon to her counsels. The House was aghast at the audacity of the heir of the Keppels; but at first it could only find expression in the deep utterances of Mr. White, whilom "the Plymouth Sound," but then member for Brighton. Presently, however, from below the gangway on the Ministerial side a majestic form arose, and Parliament first heard the solemn, solid boom of that voice whose "Turn them out" has been scattering confusion among the Tory hosts.

No mock-modest protestations preluded, no girlish excuses weakened, the words of wisdom which fell from the mouth, *magna sonaturum*, of William Vernon Harcourt. The hour had come and the man, and the Commons had only to listen and be instructed. The case was desperate, in spite of Mr. Gladstone and his great majority of that Session; for, as the member for Oxford

observed:—"He could not forget that this was a Bill to abrogate a principle which was coeval with—he might almost say congenital with—our present system of Parliamentary government"—namely, by necessary sequence, the reign of Queen Anne. True it was that the provision was originally enacted from jealousy of the power of the Crown, and that the poor Crown had now no longer any power of which the most austere demagogue need be jealous. But, as the tyrannical Crown waned, another tyranny as oppressive, to say the least, and as odious to the Liberal instincts of the people, had grown up, that many-headed monster "the Executive"—the Cabinet, in other words—in which, of course, so far as the Executive crosses the path of the citizen, its most offensive member, by the nature of his repressive powers, must always be that despot who holds the strings of Home affairs:—

It was because the provisions of the Statute of Anne were a safeguard against the power of the Executive that it seemed to him quite as necessary at the present moment as at any former period of our history that they should be religiously preserved and jealously maintained.

Minions and sycophants might gloat over the fiction that it was the Sovereign who made the Ministers. So the Sovereign might do in theory; but after each choice there was a "fundamental principle" which decreed an appeal to a more august tribunal—the constituency which had elected and sent that man to Parliament; and as the constituencies, dealing with each Ministry as a whole, might "turn them out" at the first opportunity, so each constituency has the absolute right to claim the option of "ratifying" or refusing to ratify the Sovereign's preference, by turning out of Parliament that representative whom the Queen may delight to honour, but whom the householders, supreme at the ballot-boxes, may in their religious jealousy desire to abase:—

The principle laid down in the Act which his noble friend proposed to repeal was this—that the choice by the sovereign of her Ministers should be ratified by the people as represented by the constituencies who elected them. This was a principle which for a century and a half had been fundamental in the English Constitution, and he confessed he was at a loss to conceive what were the grounds on which the noble Lord proposed that it should be changed.

So far we have been listening to the patriot, the sage, and the statesman; but Mr. Harcourt soon soars on the wings of his impassioned argument to even higher regions, and catches something of the old prophetic strain. At distant intervals, as we know, it has been vouchsafed to some few elect geniuses from Balaam downwards to predict, unconsciously it may be and unwillingly, but unerringly, their own latter end. Among these great men Mr. Harcourt took his stand, when, with impressive earnestness, "He ventured to protest against what Lord Castlereagh would have called an 'ignorant impatience' of small inconveniences when dealing with great constitutional principles." True, Mr. Hall may shut the door of the House of Commons in the face of the Home Secretary while his new honours are fresh upon him; but this will be—for "Historicus" has told us so—a "small inconvenience"; and it would be "ignorant impatience" on the part of Mr. Gladstone to complain—Mr. Secretary himself would never be guilty of such littleness—of an accident which was at the same time the vindication of those "great constitutional principles" which compel our modern Hampden to try conclusions with an oppressive and unscrupulous "Executive," whose appointment remained to be ratified by the electing constituencies.

But the Statute of Anne was something more brilliant, something keener and more cutting, even than an assertion of principles. In the words of our inspired seer:—"It had done great service, and he believed it might do great service again. It was the sword of our fathers, and it was our duty to keep it bright and burnished as we had received it from our ancestors." Belief is now swallowed up in fruition. The day of the renewed "great service" has come indeed; the "sword of our fathers," bright and freshly burnished, has been received by the avenger Hall. The souls of our Whig ancestors are looking on, from wherever Liberal statesmen go, at the clash of fundamental principles. It is a strife of heroes, each strong in the consciousness of duty to be fulfilled; each vying with the other which shall show most godly reverence for the immortal principles of the Statute of Anne, the one by action and the other by endurance. Whether the result may show that Mr. Hall be destined to lay low his majestic foe, or whether the intention of martyrdom on the part of our prophetic Secretary may be accepted as equivalent to the actual suffering, certain it is that he has been spared to give a point and reality to the maiden utterances of his Parliamentary Muse which even he in the first glow of his earliest triumph could hardly have ventured to anticipate.

Then, if the anticipations of the *Times*, strong in the longings of a new love, of the *Standard*, candidly friendly to its ancient comrades, and of the penitent *Pall Mall* should be justified by the rout of Hall and his abandoned Tories, a reception for the great statesman, unique in its attributes, should be provided. Considering the crowded state of the London streets in the pious and pictorial month of May, we should hardly counsel Danish cattle being harnessed to his triumphal car. Let the ceremony be reserved for the inside of St. Stephen's. The Speaker will smile with affable condescension on Mr. Secretary as he advances up the floor, robed in the silken vestment of a Queen's Counsel, though upon his head he carries no horsehair disguise of a plodding advocate, but the laced hat of a Privy Councillor, while he bears in one hand the Seals of the Home Office, and in the other the bright and burnished brand Excalibur torn from his discomfited assailant.

To his right flank and his left will cling his introducers, whom he may choose from Bristol and Northampton; and the clerks at the table will chant in harmonious accord, to the chaste melody of Offenbach:—

Voci le sabre de nos pères:
Tu vas le mettre à ton côté;
Ton bras est fort, ton âme est fière,
Ce glaive sera bien porté.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

IT is a great pity that when Mr. Sambourne, a week or two ago, drew that clever picture of tacking yachts, with a certain very well-known broadsheet figuring on the mainsail of the foremost, he did not know of the metamorphosis which awaited our contemporary the *Pall Mall Gazette*. A pleasing little sketch might have been made in the corner, representing the captain and crew of one bark undergoing the fate of Lieutenant Bligh and the Abdiels of the *Bounty*, as a preparation for setting off on the new tack. No one was surprised at the course pursued by the "leading journal," which, since it has become unable to lead, has generally been sufficiently dutiful in its efforts to follow. A little more astonishment may have been excited by the evolutions of a professedly Tory paper which appears to be aspiring to the position of an independent one, and which, after doing the late Government all the harm it could in reference to the Water Bill just before the elections, and giving them not the warmest of support during the contest, appears to have discovered in Mr. Gladstone a Heaven-born Minister at last, and has accordingly been saluted by Sir William Harcourt as the national organ of Conservatism. Changes of this kind, though not usual or well-famed in English journalism, are not unknown. It was reserved for the proprietors and managers of the *Pall Mall Gazette* to provide the curious spectacle of a newspaper office changing its occupants, like one of the houses in Downing Street, with a change of Government.

The first step in the drama, at least as it was openly played, was the announcement in the *Pall Mall Gazette* itself of last Saturday that the editor who had so long directed it would from that day forward have nothing to do with it. This was followed by a circular announcing a change not only of editorship, but of proprietorship, and by a statement in a Sunday paper that the *Pall Mall* would henceforward be "Ministerial journal." The term "Ministerial journal" has never been a popular one in England, and it was not surprising that it should be repudiated. The statement was contradicted energetically by the new editor or proprietor, or proprietor-editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and it was announced in the first issue of the new paper—for it certainly seems to deserve that adjective—that the *Pall Mall* would continue to be distinguished by the independence it had always shown. Meanwhile a curious explanation of this claim to continuity, and a still more curious definition of the independence referred to, appeared in a letter from the outgoing editor himself. According to Mr. Greenwood, the proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, shortly after the elections, informed him that he had transferred the property. The new holder expressed his wish that Mr. Greenwood should retain his post. This polite wish naturally elicited a request to be informed whether the principles of the paper were to be the same as before, or whether, like those of the American candidate on a celebrated occasion, they were to be changed. It soon appeared that the latter was to be the case. The principles were to be the principles of the new proprietor; and, further, the principles of the new proprietor were to be those of the new Administration, which, as Mr. Greenwood rather wickedly adds, was not then formed. However this might be, a "general support" was to be given to this Administration which was yet in the loins of its not yet known father, and it soon appeared (we still quote Mr. Greenwood) that in this instance general and particular were more nearly allied than is sometimes the case. Mr. Greenwood not unnaturally felt some reluctance to accept *en bloc* the political creed of another person, who in his turn was apparently prepared to accept *en bloc* the political creed of a yet unformed body; and he proposed some test questions. These, according to his own account, had reference to the extension of the county franchise, the foreign policy of Mr. Gladstone, and the disestablishment of the Church, all three of which were to be supported, or rather the first two were to be supported and the last not opposed. Thereupon Mr. Greenwood gratefully declined to continue as editor with such a remarkable breach of continuity, and announced his own retirement and that of his staff. With the rest of his letter we have nothing to do, as it concerns more or less private matter. Finally, this curious correspondence was enriched by two notes, one from the late and one from the present proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, demurring to Mr. Greenwood's statement of the case. The former simply says that many of the late editor's statements are inaccurate or misleading; but as these probably concern the points about which we have been silent, there is no need to take account of them. The actual proprietor's testimony as to the singular interview just detailed is of more importance. He simply states that there are "inaccuracies of fact or of colour" in the history thereof, and we can very readily believe that there never yet was an interview of such a kind in which the version of one of the parties did not seem to the other inaccurate in colour, if not in fact. In

particular it is objected that the disestablishment of the English Church was not mentioned. It does not require a Bentley or a Porson to adjust these two various readings. Nothing is more probable than that one speaker had disestablishment in Scotland in his mind, while the other was thinking of disestablishment in England; but it may be taken for granted that, if Mr. Greenwood's memory had deceived him in reference to the proposed "general support" to the new, and then non-existent, Administration, the world would have been informed of it. It may be taken, then, as agreed that immediately after the elections the powers that were and the powers that are in the case of the *Pall Mall Gazette* determined to make that periodical tack in a very remarkable manner. After all, however, tacking is not the most appropriate metaphor; for the object of the tacks, even when the ship is apparently proceeding in the most opposite direction, is the same. There used to be a joke against Monk, Duke of Albemarle, that, more accustomed to cavalry than to sailors, he never could get out of the habit of giving the order "wheel" instead of "tack." The phraseology of George the Kingmaker is very appropriate in this case, and it may be said that the *Pall Mall Gazette* has wheeled round the compass, or pretty nearly so.

We do not know that, whatever the circumstances, we can wholly approve the dragging of names and persons before the public in questions of journalism. The more strictly the anonymity and impersonality of a journal are maintained, the greater is likely to be the journalist's respect for the public and the public's respect for the journalist. But certainly if ever there was a case in which such proceeding is excusable, that case is the present. It has at any rate for very many years been an honourable tradition of English newspaper writing that it has principles. The alacrity with which the new proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* repudiated the epithet of Ministerial is the best possible proof of this, though under the circumstances it was a rather unfortunate alacrity. It would be absurd of course to suppose that a newspaper can be carried on without capital, and equally absurd to suppose that a capitalist, if he happens to have any particular principles, will lend his money for the purpose of overthrowing or attacking those principles. Papers have changed hands and, in changing hands, have changed politics before now. But we certainly do not remember any instance where so unlucky an occasion has been chosen for the change, or where the circumstances of it have been so mirth-provoking. A newspaper has been carried on for a considerable number of years on a certain plan and under a certain inspiration, which must be presumed to have been agreeable, or at least not disagreeable, to the proprietor. A general election, and the temporary lapse into disfavour of the doctrines to which the newspaper in question has given a general support, is chosen as the time for a family compact, in virtue of which it is announced to the conductors of the paper that they are to give a general support to exactly the opposite views, or rather to some possible exponents of those opposite views who have not yet declared a policy, nor indeed been placed in a position to do so. After which the journal under its new management is made to state that its former independence will be maintained, even as the famed silk stockings of Sir John Cutler, after receiving the last completing darn of woollen, might have announced that their former silkiness would continue to be an unalterable characteristic of their composition. The practical results of the proceeding do not concern us, though they must be sufficiently obvious. We have only to renew the suggestion already hinted at, that, if this sort of thing is to become common, we had better have professed Ministerial journals, so that changes may be accomplished with decency and despatch, and at the same time without unnecessary exacerbation of feeling. It might be advisable to have more than one such journal. There might be the out-and-out Ministerial paper which fought tooth and nail for everything the Government did; the semi-official journal—a sort of *Times* in its better days—which had plenty of information, and was enabled to lead public opinion up to the required point; and the independent—such as we take the new *Pall Mall* to be—which bore the outward garb of impartial criticism, but which was well understood to give what we find ought to be called a "general support" to the Ministry. A few journalists of sufficient versatility might have permanent posts on these, not to mention that the merely mechanical part of the papers and their non-political columns would also employ a considerable permanent staff. The political writers who happened to be bothered with consciences would of course go out of office with their chiefs. Indeed we do not see why a companion set of Opposition organs should not be set up—the irreconcilable organ, the moderately depreciatory organ, and the unkindly-impartial organ—in which case there would be a flux and reflux of personnel, just as there is between the Treasury and Opposition benches in the House. The plan might perhaps be a little troublesome to the subscribers, who would have frequently to change their orders to their newsagents, but otherwise it would have many advantages, and above all would present a perfectly irreproachable front to the critic of morals. The present system of private enterprise is obviously from this incident liable to the charge of occasionally producing scandals. The profane public will probably ask whether the late proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has another son-in-law, to whom, in case of a Tory majority, say in 1884, he can retransfer the paper in order that it may give an enlightened and independent support to the Ministers who succeed Her Majesty's present advisers. Indeed it would evidently be well for all newspaper proprietors on the new system to have two sleeping partners, one Tory and one Liberal, who might be respectively called from their sleep to become the

Mr. Jorkins of the occasion when a political crisis happened, and who could talk about the continuance of their independent course, and assure all and sundry that the paper in all important matters was the same concern.

THE PARLIAMENTARY OATH.

MR. BRADLAUGH has made what we suppose he considers an effective entry into the House of Commons. By a bold avowal of his peculiar tenets and by adopting the position that those tenets constitute no obstacle to his taking his seat, he has obtained for himself the honour of a short debate and the appointment of a Select Committee. We do not wish to question the sincerity of Mr. Bradlaugh's views, but a very large number of people regarded his election for Northampton as a national calamity, if not a national disgrace, and these persons, and perhaps others, will probably suspect Mr. Bradlaugh of posing as the superintelligent unbeliever who has shaken himself free from the trammels of popular superstition. But, whether his attitude towards the ordinarily accepted religious ideas of his fellow-countrymen be real or assumed, it behoves every one who adopts such a position of superiority to make sure of his ground; and it would be no small triumph to the despised and inferior crowd if it turned out that on this occasion vaulting ambition had "o'erleaped itself," and that Mr. Bradlaugh, by his "take away that bauble" sort of performance on Monday last had practically excluded himself from ever taking his seat, save through the possible concession of both Houses and the passing of a special Act of Parliament. Mr. Bradlaugh has already been the cause of one Act of Parliament being passed; but in that case there was more reason for such a course being pursued than can perhaps be shown in the present instance. Mr. Bradlaugh has before now shown himself an acute amateur lawyer; but he has on this occasion, we venture to think, got a little out of his depth, and there is possibly in store for him an unexpected check, for which his only consolation would be the consciousness of being a martyr to his opinions.

Mr. Bradlaugh, when called upon last Monday to take the usual Parliamentary oath, claimed the right to make an affirmation in lieu thereof, asserting that he was by the statutes relating to this point entitled to take such a course. In order rightly to estimate the validity of this claim, it is necessary briefly to review the course of legislation in relation to Parliamentary oaths. At no very distant date a variety of oaths were imposed on all members except Quakers, whose claim to exemption by virtue of divers old statutes, allowing them to affirm instead of swearing, was upheld in the case of Mr. Pease, elected in 1833. These oaths included those of allegiance, of supremacy, and of renunciation of the Pretender, and one at least involved the use of the words "upon the true faith of a Christian." The election of Baron Rothschild and of Mr. Alderman Salomons, and their refusal to adopt these words—which, when the matter came before the courts of law, were held to be an essential part of the oath—showed that, unless some modification either of the oath itself or of the law which exacted the taking of it was adopted, no Jewish subject of Her Majesty could ever sit in either House. For nearly eleven years Bills having this object were annually passed in the House of Commons and thrown out by the Lords; but at length, in 1853, two Acts were passed, the first of which substituted for the then existing oaths one embodying all their necessary provisions, but still concluding with the obnoxious words, "And I make this declaration upon the true faith of a Christian. So help me God." The second Act enabled either House to pass a resolution in the case of any person of the Jewish religion entitled, but for the oath, to sit and vote in such House, that he may omit the clause "And I make this declaration upon the true faith of a Christian," and enacted that thereupon the oath so taken should be of the same effect as if nothing had been omitted. By the former of these two Acts concessions were also made to suit the case of Quakers and "every other person now by law permitted to make his solemn affirmation or declaration instead of taking an oath." In 1866 these enactments were repealed, and a form of oath imposed on members of both Houses which could be taken by Jew and Gentile alike, inasmuch as it contained no mention of Christianity and merely concluded with the customary adjuration "So help me God." Section 4 of this Act comprises an exemption in favour of "Quakers and every other person for the time being by law permitted to make a solemn affirmation or declaration instead of taking an oath," who are to be allowed to make a solemn affirmation to the same effect as the Parliamentary oath. Then by Section 5 it is provided that if any member of the House of Peers votes by himself or his proxy in the House of Peers, or sits as a Peer during any debate in the said House, without having taken the oath, he shall for every such offence be subject to a penalty of £500.; and if any member of the House of Commons votes as such in that House, or sits during any debate after the Speaker has been chosen without having taken the oath, he shall be subject to the same penalty for each offence, and in addition to the penalty his seat shall be vacated in the same manner as if he were dead. An Act of 1867 substitutes the present form of Parliamentary oath for that directed by the last mentioned Act, but does not otherwise affect the law. To sum up this part of our argument, it appears that any member of either House who takes any part in the business of such House without taking the prescribed oath, or, being a person

for the time being by law permitted to take a solemn affirmation or declaration instead of an oath, having made such affirmation or declaration to the same effect, is liable to a penalty of 500/- for every such offence, and, if a member of the Lower House, to lose his seat in addition. The taking such oath or making such declaration is therefore an indispensable preliminary to Parliamentary life.

We now turn to the other branch of the case. Mr. Bradlaugh declines to take the usual oath, and indeed we cannot see how he could consistently do so. We do not profess an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Bradlaugh's religious or non-religious views, but in a reported case in which he was plaintiff, and in which his evidence was objected to on the ground that by reason of his peculiar tenets he was not competent to be sworn, Mr. Bradlaugh admitted that he did not believe in the Deity or in a future state of rewards and punishments. He is thus incompetent to give evidence on oath in any court of law; but were he willing to take the requisite Parliamentary oath, we do not clearly see whose business it would be to object to his competency. Even had he insisted on omitting the concluding adjuration from feelings similar to those which in M. Sardou's *Rabagals* prompted the imposition of a fine on the use of a certain name, and had so taken the oath, he might probably have safely taken his seat, inasmuch as it has been held that the concluding adjuration is merely the form of the oath and not an essential part thereof. All such compromises, however, Mr. Bradlaugh disavows, and claims to make his affirmation. But, to be entitled to adopt this alternative, he must bring himself within the definition of a "person for the time being by law permitted to make a solemn affirmation or declaration instead of taking an oath." The statutes under which Mr. Pease claimed and secured exemption as a Quaker applied only to specific oaths, and in the year in which he entered the House an Act was passed by which Quakers and Moravians were, in all cases where an oath was requisite, permitted to make a solemn affirmation instead. In the same year the privilege of affirming, instead of swearing, on all lawful occasions was extended to members of the sect called Separatists; and in 1837 an equally wide exemption was conferred on ex-Quakers and ex-Moravians who still retained a conscientious objection to swearing. This completes the list of persons who are now by law permitted to make an affirmation, instead of taking an oath, on all occasions where an oath is otherwise indispensable, and it is obvious that Mr. Bradlaugh does not come within the catalogue. But for certain specified purposes and on certain specified occasions the privilege of affirming, instead of swearing, may be extended to persons of tender conscience outside the limits of these particular sects. By the Common Law Procedure Act, 1854, it is provided that, "If any person called as a witness, or desiring to make an affidavit or deposition, shall refuse or be unwilling from alleged conscientious motives to be sworn, it shall be lawful for the court or judge . . . upon being satisfied of the sincerity of such objection, to permit such person, instead of being sworn, to make his or her solemn declaration or affirmation in the words following:—'I, A. B., do solemnly, sincerely, and truly affirm and declare that the taking of any oath is, according to my religious belief, unlawful, and I do also solemnly, sincerely, and truly affirm and declare,' &c.

But here of course comes in the question whether a person who would be allowed in a court of law to make an affirmation by virtue of this section is "a person for the time being by law permitted to make a solemn affirmation or declaration instead of taking an oath," within the meaning of the Act of 1866. We very much doubt whether he is. The section refers to no particular class of persons, the occasion is limited to courts of law or legal proceedings, and moreover there is no direct permission by law, but only a right of permission vested in the absolute discretion of the judge. But even supposing that any person who might reasonably claim exemption from the judge under this section is within the provisions of the Act of 1866, it does not follow that Mr. Bradlaugh is. If Mr. Bradlaugh were ultimately to be allowed to make an affirmation, he would not, according to the prescribed form in use in Parliament, have specifically to declare that "the taking of any oath is, according to his religious belief, unlawful"; but in ascertaining who are the persons entitled to take the benefit of this section, the form of the affirmation therein provided cannot be left out of consideration. It is, we maintain, clear that the persons within the purview of this section are such, and such only, as can satisfy the Court that from conscientious religious belief they hold the taking of an oath to be morally wrong, as being prohibited by the form of religion they profess, and these are the only persons, besides the members and ex-members of the sects above mentioned, now permitted to make an affirmation instead of an oath even in a court of law. Then, is Mr. Bradlaugh within this category? There can be but one answer to this question. The very idea of an oath being unlawful according to a man's religious belief argues the existence of a Supreme Being whose name is not to be invoked in mundane matters, or who has prohibited the taking of an oath. As Mr. Justice Stephen observes in his *General View of the Criminal Law of England*, these Acts do not meet the case of a person who, "being an atheist, has either no religious belief, or does not object to taking an oath."

Apparently, however, Mr. Bradlaugh relies on the provisions of two other Acts, to which he referred in his short address to the House, but which do not, in our opinion, help him much. These are the "Evidence Further Amendment Act, 1869," and

the "Evidence Amendment Act, 1870." The object of these Acts was as follows:—It being found that in certain cases the ends of justice were defeated or hindered by witnesses objecting to take an oath, or being objected to as being incompetent to do so, who, by reason of the absence of any religious belief whatever, could not be permitted to affirm, the Act of 1869 was passed, providing that in such cases "such person shall, if the presiding judge is satisfied that the taking of an oath would have no binding effect on his conscience, make the following promise and declaration":—"I solemnly promise and declare that the evidence given by me to the Court shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and any person having so pledged himself and subsequently giving false evidence is liable to the penalties of perjury.

In 1870 Mr. Bradlaugh brought an action against one De Rin, which was referred to arbitration. As before stated, Mr. Bradlaugh presented himself as a witness, and was objected to on the ground of incompetency by reason of his peculiar tenets. He then claimed to give his evidence by virtue of the Act of 1869, but the arbitrator held that that Act did not apply to proceedings before an arbitrator, and rejected his evidence. Mr. Bradlaugh applied to the Court, but the Court refused the application on the ground that where persons have agreed on an arbitrator they are bound by his decision, and did not decide the point at all. In the same year the Act of 1870 was passed, extending the powers of the Act of 1869 to all proceedings before a person authorized to administer an oath, but not otherwise affecting the law. It is to these statutes Mr. Bradlaugh appeals as constituting him a person for the time being by law permitted to make a solemn affirmation or declaration in place of taking an oath within the Act of 1866. There is, of course, something to be said on his side. Under the Acts of 1869 and 1870, a witness may object to take an oath, and may eventually "solemnly promise and declare," and it may fairly be argued that this amounts to being permitted to make a solemn affirmation or declaration instead of taking an oath, especially in the case of a plaintiff or defendant, who would lose the benefit of his own evidence were it not for some such provision. But the arguments on the other side appear to us far more cogent. The remarks made above with reference to the Common Law Procedure Act apply with equal force to these Acts. Next, the Act of 1866 specifies "Quakers and all other persons for the time being permitted, &c.," and on an established rule of Parliamentary construction, the subsequent general words must be interpreted as being *eiusdem generis* with the preceding specific ones. The application of this principle would limit the words "all other persons" to persons having a conscientious religious objection to taking an oath—the class of people, in fact, provided for by the Common Law Procedure Act. Then the words of the Act of 1866 are "a solemn declaration or affirmation." If these words be taken as describing the same thing, it is clear that the declaration or promise prescribed by the Act of 1869 is not a solemn affirmation, though it may be a declaration, if they be taken disjunctively as referring to two different things. Again, there does not seem to be much "permission" about the terms of the Act of 1869. The Act seems to contemplate witnesses who are not parties to the suit rather than the parties themselves, and without affording any countenance to their absence of religion, to have sought to devise some means of rendering their testimony available by applying the purely secular sanction of a possible prosecution for perjury. "Such person shall . . . make the following promise and declaration." The point is, however, unquestionably a knotty one, and we shall be curious to see what the Select Committee determine about it.

THE HERALD OF PEACE.

THE blessing pronounced on peacemakers is not likely to be inherited by newspapers. The popular opinion that the conductors of newspapers like war, because war helps to sell their journals, is probably erroneous. War is bad for trade, and anything that is bad for trade is bad for the press. But, on the whole, out of the mere desire to find something exciting to say, newspapers do sometimes happen to encourage war. There may be some slight ill-feeling between two countries or Courts, and the papers are bound to drag the affair into publicity. They are like the boys whom Arminius and Mr. Matthew Arnold saw at Eton. Young Bottles was asked whether he would take a licking from Lord Claude, and then Lord Claude was informed that "that beast Bottles says he won't take a licking from you." Newspaper correspondents are constantly averring that France won't take a licking from Germany, or that she has taken a diplomatic licking, or that Italy does not want to fight, but will do so in certain contingencies. Thus the discussion of foreign politics in the press is very like the gossip of small boys in the Lower Fourth, who pass their time in wondering whether Briggs major is afraid of Smith, and whether Thompson is the master of Jones. The eternal chatter about these matters rouses angry passions, and presently there is war enough for war correspondents.

There is, happily, one small but persevering journal, little studied, we fear, in those homes of iniquity, "the Clubs," which raises its little voice against militarism. This is *The Herald of Peace*, the organ of the Peace Society, which most outsiders probably supposed to have died long ago of hope deferred. But the Peace Society is really in a green old age, and celebrates its sixtieth birthday on the 18th of this month in Finsbury Chapel. On

that occasion four members of Parliament—Mr. Firth, Mr. Illingworth, Mr. Arthur Pease, and Mr. Henry Richard—will address the pacific. While we wait anxiously for their remarks as to the effect of the late elections on the peace of Europe, the *Herald*, published under their auspices, may help to pass the time. This curious little journal contains in small space a great number of articles. The first deals with the decadence of Germany, where “the slightest (military) offence involves imprisonment in a dark cell on bread and water. In special cases the cell is lined with hard and sharp wooden laths, placed edgeways in all directions, so that the prisoner can neither stand, lean, or lie down in comfort.” We should think not, indeed. “This amounts to actual torture; and it is punishment which has been inflicted, for example, on several young men who at intervals have refused, on conscientious grounds, to serve in the army.” But shall Germans be alone in refusing, on conscientious grounds, to serve in the army? Is their virtue and their martyrdom unknown among British privates? No; we are proud to learn from the *Herald of Peace* that there are some brave and consistent soldiers under our own flag who are “reluctant to destroy human life.” “During the Zulu war,” we are informed, “some British soldiers, who were reluctant to destroy human life, and consequently held back, were, according to newspaper reports, flogged into the fight.” Any thinker less guileless than the editor of the *Herald of Peace* might suspect that the British soldiers were reluctant to give the poor untaught Zulu a chance of breaking the Sixth Commandment. The *Herald* does not seem to see that these mildest of men need never have joined a brutal and barbarous profession at all, and the scorn of the *Herald* is reserved, not for the poltroons, but for the men who flogged them. Prose is not equal to the situation, and the journal of peace breaks into verse which is well worth quoting:—

Blush, blush, ye sires of England,
Where streams the Gospel light,
That your own sons and soldiers
Are flogged into the fight!
Flogged till their backs are bleeding,
Flogged till their hearts are sore,
Flogged till their manhood droopeth,
To lift itself no more!

Blush, blush, ye English daughters,
For brothers on the field,
Whose tortured backs are bleeding
From whips which warriors wield!
Blush! blush! and let your sighing
Be heard from shore to shore,
Till legislators tremble,
And use the lash no more!

Blush, blush, ye English mothers,
With ditties on your lip,
And pray that laughing baby
May never feel the whip;—
May never feel the scourging,
The cruel “nine-tails” bite,
Nor by his brother warriors
Be flogged into the fight!

And O thou Queen of England,
To Christian duty bound,
Let not the crime of flogging
Within thy realms be found.
‘Tis not for those who gather
Beneath the Sharon Rose
To tread upon their brother,
Or fill his life with woes.

We need scarcely apologize for the length of this quotation. Apart from the *verve* and spirit of the verse, the poem proves that the friends of peace have quite novel ideas about honour and shame. Ordinary people, the English mother “with ditties on her lip,” and generally those who “gather beneath the Sharon Rose,” would blush if it were true that the British soldier needs to be flogged to the front. But the *Herald of Peace* glories in the coward, and is only ashamed of the people who award him his proper punishment. To be fair, the *Herald* should admit that we are as bad as the Germans, who torture the conscientious conscript, while we flog the reluctant warrior.

Few students of contemporary thought can be ignorant of the great name of the Reverend Joseph Cook (of Boston, U.S.) Mr. Cook is that great American voice which denounces Professor Huxley with all his works. He is the profound scholar, too, who derives *Bathybius* “from two Greek words meaning respectively ‘deep’ and ‘sea.’” Mr. Cook has lately been lecturing on universal peace, and has even devised a practical plan by which the quiet of the world is to be secured. The *Herald of Peace* prints his orations; and we do not mean to flatter Mr. Cook when we say that, compared with the other contents of the *Herald*, his address is quite sensible and coherent. He advocates the formation of a great English-speaking league. This alliance will be powerful enough to whip all creation into peace and brotherhood. “The disbanding of large standing armies among English-speaking peoples would be one majestic end attainable by this majestic means.” As Great Britain is the only English-speaking nation which possesses what, by a stretch of courtesy, may be called a standing army, we have only to lay down the sword and “strike a universal peace through half the continents and all the seas.” Unluckily Europe would belong to the unpacified half of the continents. Thus it seems probable that the great Anglo-Saxon League must do its striking first, and lay down its sword afterwards. Can this prospect really charm the Peace Society? Mr. Cook says, “Even so Conservative a power as the London *Spectator* observes that such an

alliance would be utterly beyond attack from any first-class Power, unless China should ever become one; and, except in India, could only be attacked by fleets which eighty millions of men, always foremost in naval warfare or maritime adventure, could, with no great or exhausting effort, brush away from the seas.” But how, we may ask Mr. Cook and our Conservative contemporary the London *Spectator*, how are we to keep eighty millions of men always in warlike training? If they are kept in training the League will be eighty times worse off than Germany, and if they are not kept in training, even China, with thunders from her native junk, will quell the British foe. In fact, though the *Herald of Peace* does not seem to see it, even Mr. Cook is aware that to secure peace we must be ready for war. “Germany,” says he, “although not given to making war, is given to such preparations for war as make peace advisable to all her neighbours.” It is a pity that these preparations include cells lined with sharp wooden laths placed edgeways in all directions. But, if the Peace Society were capable of discourse of reason, its own journal would teach it either to give up hoping *pacis impone morem*, or to give up denouncing military preparations as wicked. Unhappily, not even experience will teach people who piously shut their eyes to the facts of human nature. The founder of the Krupp family only employed ten workmen in 1810. His descendants, in one of their establishments alone, employ 8,500 men, and daily consume 18,000 tons of coal, while they annually work up 200,000 tons of iron. It is only too obvious that no country nor set of countries can afford to disarm while the customers of Messrs. Krupp enable them to do this lively business. The Peace Society trots after its own arguments, round the same old vicious circle, and is not aware that the conclusion is as remote as it was sixty-four years ago. Meanwhile the Workmen’s Peace Association is not unhappy. “It has resolved to bring all the influence of the Association to bear on Mr. Richard’s International Disarmament Motion, and the council expressed the hope that the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone would lend his powerful aid to the motion when it came to be submitted to the House of Commons.” But even the most sanguine enemies of Mr. Gladstone can hardly believe that he will fulfil the expectations of the Workmen’s Peace Association, or daily with the logic of the *Herald of Peace*.

THE MONEY MARKET.

THERE are two periods of the year at which, to use the language of bankers, money is dearer than usual—that is to say, at which the rates charged in the short-loan market for the use of capital are higher than at other times. The phenomenon is not confined to our own country; it is observable in every commercial community, and arises necessarily from the influence of the seasons on the course of industry, though special legislation accentuates it in certain cases. The periods at which this “hardening of rates,” again to borrow the phraseology of Lombard Street, takes place, are May and November. It is, however, most pronounced in the latter month. The harvests have then been got in, and farmers are anxious to sell the proceeds as soon as possible. They would naturally refuse to take cheques from buyers, many of whom they have probably never seen before and know nothing of. And even if they were willing to trust purchasers, there are not a few of them who keep no banking account. Buyers, therefore, have to provide themselves for the nonce with coin or notes in unusual quantities, and in doing so they diminish the stock of cash at the great trade centres. The transportation of the purchases thus made gives employment to a further amount of currency. As this kind of thing is going on at nearly the same time in all civilized countries, there is a less amount than ordinary of loanable capital available for merchants and speculators, and rates inevitably tend upwards. In May there is not this demand for money “to move the crops,” as the Americans express it, but the spring agricultural operations are in their most active stage. There are additional labourers to be paid, there are the sheep and the stall-fed cattle fattened during the winter to be disposed of, there are the young stock to be bought in for the pastures. In Scotland, moreover, May is one of the half-yearly terms at which hirings are entered into and various payments made. And in Ireland the two “gale days,” as they are called, on which rents fall due, are the 1st of May and the 1st of November. In consequence there is always in May a considerable increase of the country note circulation; and as the note circulation cannot be increased beyond the authorized issue fixed by the Acts of 1844 and 1845 without an equal increase of the gold held by the issuing banks, this addition to the country note circulation involves the withdrawal of an equivalent amount of gold from London, where the ultimate reserve of the whole United Kingdom is kept. After a while the money paid away for rent or in the purchase of cattle is returned to the banks, and the gold is sent back to London, in many cases without ever having been removed from the boxes in which it was despatched. But in the meanwhile, Lombard Street is the poorer, and consequently those who have to borrow or to discount bills find the rates raised against them. What we have been describing is going on as usual at this moment. During the Stock Exchange settlement last week, when the demand for accommodation was swollen by those who had bought securities and were not prepared to pay for them, very

large amounts were borrowed from the Bank of England at 3 per cent. and over, and the discount rates also reached the Bank minimum. In the early part of this week the demand was not so great, yet the terms on which the Treasury bills were placed on Tuesday show how much tighter is the market than it was lately. It is not necessary to insist in this place upon the fact that the credit of the British Government ought to be higher than that of any trading house, however high the latter may stand. Treasury bills, too, have this superiority over others, that they are actively demanded by forgers who would not look at trade or even bank paper. At the present moment, moreover, there is a general expectation that the floating debt will be speedily reduced, and that consequently the supply of Treasury bills will be greatly decreased; and there is for that reason an increased desire to secure those still on offer. Yet the Treasury has had to allow a discount of more than 2½ per cent. This exhibits the tendency of the market, and it also confirms the view we have often maintained as to the injury to the credit of the country produced by a large floating debt.

This periodical cause of a dearer money market is in its very nature temporary. It recurs at the same season every year, and ceases to operate in the course of a few weeks. It is now well understood, and as it does not take money out of the country, it does not affect the imagination of Lombard Street, and tends to have less effect than it had of old. There is consequently nothing in it to produce really dear money. Nor is there anything in the other influences acting immediately upon the market. The statistics of the London Bankers' Clearing House for the year ending a week ago, issued on Monday by Sir J. Lubbock, exhibit, indeed, a very great increase of transactions over the preceding twelve months and over every year since 1875-6. Even allowing for the very large part played by speculation, more especially on the Stock Exchange, there is still a marked expansion of legitimate business. In due course this expansion, bringing after it better employment, higher prices, and higher wages, would necessitate a more and more enlarged currency, and thus make money scarce. But this process in any event would take time; and now, as we pointed out last week, there is a check to the improvement. Prices have fallen heavily, and the volume of transactions has shrunk. Trade, it is true, is still much better than it was twelve months ago. But the improvement is now so slow that, unless greatly accelerated, it will not for a long time have any effect upon the money market. Further, the foreign exchanges are not unfavourable to this country; more particularly the New York money market, from which most disturbance was to be apprehended, at length shows symptoms of ease. Lastly, the political prospect on the Continent, which a little while ago appeared so threatening, is now less alarming. The outbreak of a great war, though in the long run it would send capital here for safety, and thus tend to keep down rates, would at first cause a panic on every Bourse in Europe, and so make money dear. But, although it would be very hazardous to commit oneself to a political prediction, it may at least be said that for the present there is no such cause of uneasiness as there was while the German Army Bill was before the Reichstag. But for one circumstance, then, it might be said that the influences acting upon the money market, though for the moment tending towards higher rates, yet favour in the near future greater cheapness and a more abundant supply. The one circumstance to which we refer is the growing scarcity of gold.

We have discussed this subject so often and so fully, that we need not enter into much detail respecting it here; yet it is requisite to touch upon it briefly in order clearly to bring out its bearing upon the money market. During the past nine years Germany, which had previously been a silver-using country, bought up for her new gold coinage, in round numbers, 84 millions sterling, being at the rate of over 9 millions per annum, drawing for the purpose chiefly upon London. Just when the disturbance due to these enormous purchases was abating, the United States began to prepare for the resumption of specie payments, and, in doing so, absorbed the entire production of their own mines. Last year, in addition to the yield of the home mines, they took from England and France over 16 millions sterling in gold, and up to the present time have not returned a penny of the amount. Meanwhile, the productiveness of the Australian mines has greatly declined, and as the Ural mines barely suffice for the supply of Russia and Germany, all the rest of the world is limited to the yield of Australia and miscellaneous sources, amounting altogether to about seven millions per annum. The final result thus is that the gold-using countries, excepting the United States, Germany, and Russia, are dependent for all their requirements upon seven millions a year, subject to the competition every now and then of the three nations just named. And in the case of the United States last autumn this competition was so intense that it took in a few months some sixteen millions, or over two years' production of Australia and the miscellaneous sources. In other words, the United States have lately taken three years' production of their own mines and two years of the supply available for all other gold-using countries, with the exception of Russia and Germany. Of course they have been able to do this only by drawing upon the stores of the great European banks, and accordingly we find a diminution of these stores. Twelve months ago the bullion in the Bank of England amounted to 33,700,000/-; last week it was only 28,100,000/- a decrease of over 5½ millions. The Bank of France did not begin to distinguish in its returns between

the amounts of gold and of silver held until the alarm created by the drain to New York last autumn compelled it to do so; but we know from the statistics issued at intervals that for years it has been losing gold and accumulating silver, until last week it held altogether only 32,700,000/- in gold, of which barely 17,300,000/- was in the head office in Paris. This latter amount, it is obvious, can alone be safely regarded as a metallic reserve, since we may be sure that the Bank would not keep at its branches more gold than is required for their current business. The Imperial Bank of Germany, on the other hand, has gained during the twelve months about a million sterling. But the figures just given do not represent the real loss of gold. Thus the Bank of England held at the end of July last 35,900,000/-, and at Christmas only 27,400,000/-, showing a loss in the interval of 8½ millions; this was to the United States chiefly. The drain thither stopped then, and the gold in the Bank increased to 29 millions in the middle of March, from which it has again fallen to 28,100,000/- Nor is this all. In the first four months of the current year the exports of gold exceeded the imports by 1,300,000/- yet the gold held by the Bank of England at the end of April exceeded the amount at the beginning of the year by 500,000. In the four months, therefore, the gold withdrawn from the circulation of the country must have amounted to almost 1,800,000. Consequently not only has the Bank lost gold as shown above, but also the internal circulation has shrunk very considerably. Under these circumstances it is evident that, if trade improves, the value of money may be expected to rise, and possibly it may rise very sharply, if there should be in the autumn a considerable drain to New York.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.—II.

A SECOND visit to the Grosvenor Gallery confirms, if any confirmation were needed, the opinion formed as to the striking merit of M. Bastien-Lepage's work. The force, the delicacy, the technical skill, and, it may be added, the variety displayed by the young painter are alike remarkable. In the West Gallery he exhibits a large landscape which has been seen before in the Salon at Paris, and which is called "Les Fonds" (7). One obvious quality of this picture is its straightforwardness, its representation of what the painter saw without any attempt to dress it up into what may be called conventional picturesqueness. The foreground is occupied by the figure of a peasant girl, who is undeniably ugly, and in whose portrayal no attempt at artificial prettiness or refinement has been made. Yet there is a strange impressiveness in both face and figure, which accord well with the sense of open-air freedom that belongs to the whole picture. The recumbent figure of the man who is asleep is open to fault-finding in the matter of drawing, and objections may be made to particular points in the landscape. But the whole effect of the work is both bold and attractive. Immediately below it hangs a portrait by the same painter of Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt (9); the extraordinary delicacy, truth, and finish of which are as remarkable as the freedom and vigour of the landscape just referred to. The flesh-tones and the painting of the dress and hair are admirable; and the pose is at once novel and natural. It is interesting to compare these and two portraits from M. Bastien-Lepage's hand (10, 11) with "The Annunciation to the Shepherds" (21), an early work of his, in which one sees the same tendencies which are apparent in "Les Fonds" curiously brought into an ideally devotional subject. M. Bastien-Lepage is also represented in the East Gallery by two admirably strong and expressive portraits, "My Parents" (14). Among other portraits in the West Gallery are Mr. W. B. Richmond's "Portrait of Charles Darwin, Esq." (40), which is painted with signal success in the spirit of the Venetian school, and in which the treatment of the red robes is specially remarkable; and "Portrait of W. Holman Hunt, Esq." (41), a work which is full both of refinement and vigour. M. Legros, of whose odd method we confess to being somewhat weary, sends two or three heads. The best of these is perhaps the "Portrait of F. Dixon, Esq." (12). In this we cannot but recognize an uncommon power, not only of drawing, but of seizing character. It is unfortunately contrasted with the same painter's atrocious attempt at a "Portrait of Professor Huxley" (19). Mr. Millais has two remarkable portraits of "Mrs. Caird" (54) and of "Mrs. Jopling" (49), both of which strikingly exhibit the painter's complete command of his art, and both of which are free from what sometimes struck one as the too obtrusive dash of Mr. Millais's painting. Mr. Gregory's "Portrait of W. H. Wills, Esq." (39) seems hardly as strong as his last year's work. Mr. John Collier's "Portrait of Mrs. John Collier" (81) is perhaps the best thing which the painter has shown this year. It has solidity and strength combined with command of expression, and a feeling for colour, which is well brought out in the painting of the white dress and its contrast with the background.

Among the landscapes and figure pictures two large landscapes, "The August Moon" (20) and "The Voice of the Cuckoo" (23), by Mr. Cecil Lawson, occupy a prominent place. The general effect of the former of these is undeniably pleasing, although it is perhaps equally undeniable that the strangely enormous moon, which is supposed to cast over the scene the light which is great part of its attraction, has in itself no luminosity. The effect of "The Voice of the Cuckoo," a somewhat sickly landscape, is spoilt by the incongruous manner in which

two portrait figures are thrust, as if gummed on in an after-thought, into the foreground. The truth and force of Mr. P. R. Morris's charming moonlight landscape, which hangs between them, and which is somewhat inappropriately called "The Bridge of Sighs" (22), seem to accentuate the shortcomings of Mr. Lawson's work. Mr. Alma-Tadema has three small works (51, 52, 53), in which his admirable sense and rendering of distance are no less observable than his power in drawing and colouring. The brilliant sky effect in "A Question" (51) is especially striking. Of Mr. Watt's beautiful "Daphne" (43) we have already spoken, and we have only to add that the whole group of his pictures is well worth study, and that his power in the line of portraiture is finely exemplified by the "Portrait of William Morris, Esq." (44). Mr. Halle's finely designed "St. George" (28) shows a gratifying and distinct improvement in the painter's command of his resources; and so does Mr. David Carr's "Watercress Gatherers" (17), which, with greater technical skill, has all the truthful and picturesque feeling which we observed in his last year's picture. Mr. H. Moore has two fine sea-pieces in his accustomed manner (72, 76). Mr. Hennessy exhibits "Evening, Calvados" (68). This strikes us as a work of unusual beauty and power. The feeling and rendering of the particular effect sought after have both truth and imagination, while the technical skill which Mr. Hennessy has often displayed is shown to special advantage. Mr. John O'Connor's "Corner of Waterloo Bridge" (59) is a pleasing instance of his power of catching an agreeable effect where many people might not expect to find it; and Mr. Weguelin's "The Vintage" (73) confirms our belief in its painter's capacity. M. Legros's large picture, "L'Incendie" (67), is, to our thinking, on the whole an unattractive work. It has the severity and the sincere, if awkwardly expressed, feeling which one might look for in the chief figures; but the fact remains that they are awkward, and that the effect of the fire's light, whether we are to regard it as a direct representation or as a suggestion, is untrue. In one way, and that a highly undesirable one, Mr. Spencer Stanhope's picture, "The Waters of Lethe" (31), is one of the most remarkable works in this Gallery. It is so difficult to find words to express the supreme absurdity of such a production that we prefer to leave spectators to make their own account of it.

However, to get over two unattractive subjects at once, Mr. Stanhope's picture in the West Gallery is more than rivalled by Mr. Walter Crane's "Truth and the Traveller" (111) in the East Gallery. This we can only describe by saying that no more hideous, improbable, and disgusting figure has ever been presented to the public than that which is supposed to pass for the ideal Truth. It is impossible to speak of such a thing as this with patience, and it is astounding that it should have come from the hand of an artist who has made so many justly popular dainty designs for children's books, and who, it is only fair to add, can produce such pleasing work as, for instance, the "Well in the Courtyard, Cucumella, Sorrento" (64), in the Grosvenor Gallery. Immediately above Mr. Crane's monstrous work hangs a strong water-piece called "Tug and Timber-Bridge" (108), by Mr. Keeley Halswell, who, both here and at the Academy, shows this year a striking power in work of this kind. We have already expressed our admiration of Mr. Burne-Jones's large picture, "The Golden Stairs" (120), in which the artist's merits are markedly visible, while the peculiarities which have often been more or less irritating assert themselves but little. There is, as many people have remarked, no reason why a beautiful design without any purpose beyond its beauty should be called "The Golden Stairs." On the other hand it may be said that there is no reason why it should not. "I can call my hat 'Cadwallader' if I like," said the hero of Miss Edgeworth's story *The Mimic*; and those who object to Mr. Burne-Jones's nomenclature may find their answer in a like contention. Near this are Mr. Mark Fisher's admirable landscape, "The Last of Autumn" (130), and Mr. Macbeth's spirited and bold "A Flood in the Fens" (131), the truth and vigour of which are in curious and pleasing contrast to a smaller work by the same artist in the West Gallery. Above this is a very graceful picture by Mrs. Anderson, called "The Bathers" (132), and near it a very poetical and attractive picture by Mr. Boughton, "Omnia Vincit Amor" (125). Mr. Herkomer's "Portrait of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe" (140), painted for King's College, Cambridge, is a fine work. Like Mr. Richmond's portrait of Mr. Darwin, which has been referred to, and which was painted for the University of Cambridge, it bears welcome testimony to the artistic enterprise of the University. Mr. P. R. Morris's landscape with figures, "Cradled in his Calling" (142), a fisher's child carried in a net across the downs towards the sea, is a work of great strength and beauty. The simple poetry of the subject is excellently expressed, and the truth of the blending of the blue sea and sky in the distant landscape will be either felt or recognized by most spectators. Near this is Mr. Dicey's graceful picture, "Girls Arranging Flowers" (144), and, among smaller pictures in the same neighbourhood, we would direct attention to Mrs. Gossé's attractive and unconventional view of "Torcross" (147), to Lady Lindsay's charming study of a squirrel called "A Free Breakfast-table" (151), and to Miss Dorothy Tennant's touching picture, "Homeless" (156). Three important pictures in this room we have yet to notice—Mr. North's admirably painted, if uninteresting, "Grass of the Field" (100), Mr. Hennessy's very original and attractive "Spring Fantasy" (92), and Mr. A. Moore's beautiful figure "Rose-leaves" (105).

In the South Gallery, there can be little doubt that the finest

work is Mr. Napier Hemy's "Saved" (171), a wonderfully true and spirited picture of a boat which has struggled successfully with the difficulties of crossing a bar. The drawing and painting of the figures, of the ships and boats, and of the water, are alike remarkable. M. de Nittis has a curiously hard and clever representation of a scene familiar to many people, "Feeding the Sparrows in the Gardens of the Tuilleries" (192), and Mr. Collier sends a picture called "Coiners" (188), representing a scene in the Mint. With many merits, the picture seems deficient in the sense of heat and luminosity which the subject demands.

THE THEATRES.

MME. MODJESKA'S first appearance on the London stage, which took place on Saturday last at the Court Theatre, had been looked for with unusual interest on account of the great reputation which preceded the actress. It is to be regretted that her introduction to a London audience should have been made in so sickly, dull, and ill-constructed a play as *La Dame aux Camélias*. The play, considered as the work of a youth, is not without some kind of merit; but it seems absurd to consider a piece so riddled with faults as a serious dramatic or literary performance, and the success which it had in France was certainly not due to its intrinsic attraction. The secret of this is partly revealed, with a curious *naïveté*, by M. Jules Janin in the preface which he thought fit to write for the revised edition of the novel. In this he gives an amazingly foolish and sentimental sketch of the career of the woman who was the original of young Dumas's heroine, of which this passage may serve as a specimen:—"Elle avait poussé si loin la science du bien-être intérieur et l'adoration de soi-même, que rien ne saurait se comparer à ses habits, à son linge, aux plus petits détails de son service, car la parure de sa beauté était, à tout prendre, la plus chère et la plus charmante occupation de sa jeunesse." He then goes on to say that the book was successful when it first appeared, but its success was increased when readers began to say that the study was evidently taken from life. "Alors on s'inquiéta fort du nom de l'héroïne, de sa position dans le monde, de la fortune, de l'ornement et du bruit de ses amours. Le public, qui veut tout savoir et qui sait tout en fin de compte, apprit l'un après l'autre tous ces détails, et le livre lu, on voulait le relire, et il arriva naturellement que la vérité, étant connue, rejallit sur l'intérêt du récit." This degraded kind of interest no longer, of course, belongs to the story in England at least; but a sort of factitious interest has been kept up in *La Dame aux Camélias* from time to time by the refusal, on moral grounds, of the Lord Chamberlain to license the performance of the play. On what grounds the present Examiner of Plays rejected the French piece when he admitted Mr. Mortimer's version of it, called *Heartsease*, in which Mme. Modjeska appears, we are entirely unable to understand. Mr. Mortimer had an impossible task to perform in retaining the situations, such as they are, of the play, and removing the objections which have kept it from the English stage. It would be ungracious to blame the adapter for the inevitable result of an attempted compromise between offended propriety and the claims of what is thought by some interesting impropriety. The veil which the writer of the English version has had to throw over this is simply ludicrous. Nothing is gained in the interest of morality, and everything is lost in the interest of such crude art as can be said to belong to the piece. We are shown a woman about whose position there is no room for doubt; and we are shown two men, both of them well born, who are anxious to marry her. With each of them, while she is engaged to be married to him, she lives alone. The pretence of disguising the real state of affairs is monstrously flimsy, and the talk about marriage which is from time to time thrust in is an outrage upon the common sense of the public. If it is accepted seriously, the whole play becomes absolutely nonsensical. If it is to be treated as a solemn piece of hypocrisy to save the public conscience, it can only be said that the sooner the Lord Chamberlain's office abandons such mean devices the better. But, apart from any imported disadvantages, the play is at best a poor one in itself. The same situation is continually repeated through five dreary acts, and it is impossible to view the chief character as the author would wish her to be viewed. It is observable in many of M. Alexandre Dumas fils's writings that the characters whom he labels as good are in reality pitiful and offensive creatures; nor is this strange perversity or want of perception found only in such early works as *La Dame aux Camélias* or *La Vie à Vingt Ans*. That cleverly-written and unattractive play *Le Demi-Monde* ends with one of the characters saying to another, "Vous épousez le plus honnête homme que je connaisse," meaning thereby a man who has thought it a noble task to hunt down an unhappy woman who is trying to raise herself out of the dubious society of the *demi-monde* to better things. This, it may be noted, is in curious contrast to the motive of *La Dame aux Camélias*, which contains more than one heavy tirade against people who put any barriers in the way of a woman who is a member of a kind of society which, unlike the *demi-monde*, has no atom of dubiousness left about it. But in both plays there is the same blindness as to what is or is not repellent. The heroine of *La Dame aux Camélias* is, we are told, a woman of a strangely noble character in spite of her ignoble life; and this nobility she shows by, amongst other

things, taking money from a man she does not love just after she has dismissed a man whom she does love with every assurance of affection and fidelity. But it would be tedious and unnecessary to point out the many faults which act by act assert themselves in the course of this maudlin piece. From her performance of its principal character it would be rash to decide upon the extent of Mme. Modjeska's powers. That she is a highly-trained and very artistic actress, with a fine science and command of gesture, and, despite her slight foreign accent, of intonation, may be asserted. In one passage, that of a heart-broken farewell masked by a light manner, she displayed singular talent and skill, the effect of which was unhappily marred by her coming back in the middle of the scene to acknowledge the applause of the audience. Whether or not Mme. Modjeska is likely to justify the reputation which preceded her as an actress of great characters, it is impossible to tell from her very clever performance as the heroine of *La Dame aux Camélias*. Mr. Dacre, who played the odious part of Armand Duval, deserves praise for his earnestness and excellent intention, but he has everything to learn in the way of movement and gesticulation.

The revival of the late Mr. Robertson's comedy *School* at the Haymarket is an experiment less interesting perhaps than might have been hoped for—not with regard to the acting of the piece, but with regard to the play itself. This has been tersely and aptly described by a contemporary critic as a "polite farce," and indeed it amounts to little more. The types of character are not new, the actions in which they are concerned have little importance, and the dialogue, always written with good taste, is not the less curiously vapid. Mr. Robertson had no doubt some remarkable qualities as a dramatist, especially as a dramatist for the Prince of Wales's Theatre; and it may be thought in some sense a proof of his having possessed original power that *School*, the play for which he was indebted to a foreign source, is far weaker than the pieces which he wrote "out of his own head." An odd mistake in it is the dragging at the end, by the head and shoulders, of the legend of *Cinderella*, of which we have had the very vaguest, if any, hint before, but of which the German author borrowed the title for his play. With the mounting and acting of *School*, which may retain its popularity in spite of its weakness, there is very little fault to find. Mrs. Bancroft is more charming and natural than ever as Naomi Tighe; and Miss Marion Terry is pleasing, though somewhat affected, as Bella. Mr. Bancroft is as good as ever in Jack Poyntz. Mr. Conway plays the rather colourless part of Lord Beaufoy in a pleasant and manly way. Mr. Arthur Cecil is, as might be expected, inventive and clever in the earlier appearances of the painted and made-up Beau Farintosh, and in the scene at the end where the old man has thrown off his youthful trappings, finds an occasion of exhibiting a true and unforced command of pathos which may surprise those who do not remember his performance in *To Parents and Guardians*. His attitude and look while he is listening to his nephew's story are admirable, as is his burst of rage at Krux. Mr. Forbes-Robertson's representation of Krux is curious. It is, like everything Mr. Forbes-Robertson does, carefully studied, and from the actor's point of view admirably executed. It is, to put it briefly, a strong piece of acting, which seems to be hardly in accordance with the general character of a piece which, whatever else it may be, is not strong. Mr. Kemble's Dr. Sutcliffe is a lifelike study. *School* is preceded by the comedietta or farce, *Cut off with a Shilling*, in which Mr. Brookfield's performance of Colonel Berners gives fresh proof of his undoubted talent. He has many merits, and the only fault in his performance against which we would warn him is a certain want of freedom and decision in gesture. Complete command of the actor's art is a hard thing to acquire. Mr. Brookfield's skill in other matters leaves little doubt that he will end by mastering this.

The morning performance at the Gaiety of *George Barnwell* has been succeeded by one of "Monk" Lewis's marvellously silly piece. *The Castle Spectre*. "D. G." in his "remarks" upon this play seems to have felt that he was, in defending it, holding a somewhat doubtful brief; but he actually persuaded himself to write that "its story is deeply interesting, and conducted and developed with a considerable portion of dramatic skill," and that "there is nothing even improbable in this drama but the spectre." He admits that "the language of this play is in many parts turgid and bombastic," and we might condone this in part if the play were in its essence a good melodramatic piece. Unfortunately it is from every point of view hopelessly vulgar and childish. How "turgid and bombastic" the language is may be best judged from an extract taken at hazard:—

OSMOND. No more;—I must not hear you. (*aside*) Shame! shame! that ever my soul should stoop to dissembling with my slave! (*crosses to L.*)

SAIB enters, L., and advances with apprehension.

OSMOND. How now?—why this confusion?—why do you tremble?—speak!

SAIB. My lord!—the prisoner—

OSMOND. The prisoner?—go on, go on!

SAIB. (*kneeling*) Pardon, my lord, pardon! Our prisoner has escaped.

OSMOND. Villain! (*wild with rage he draws his dagger, and rushes upon SAIB—KENRIC holds his arm, R. C.*)

KENRIC. Hold! hold! What would you do?

OSMOND. (*struggling*) Unhand me, or by heaven—

KENRIC. Away! away! Fly, fellow, and save yourself! *Exit SAIB, L.* (*releasing OSMOND*) Consider, my lord—haply 'twas not by his keeper's fault that—

OSMOND. (*furiously*) What is't to me by whose? Is not my rival fled? Soon will Northumberland's guards encircle my walls, and force from me—Yet that by heaven they shall not! No! rather than resign her, my own

hand shall give this castle a prey to flames; then, plunging with Angela into the blazing gulf, I'll leave these ruins to tell posterity how desperate was my love, and how dreadful my revenge! (*crosses R. stops and turns to KENRIC*) And you, who dared to rush between me and my resentment—you, who could so well succeed in saving others—now look to yourself.

Exit, R.

KENRIC. Ha! that look—that threat. Yet he seemed so kind—so grateful! He smiled too! Oh! there is ever danger when a villain smiles.

SAIB enters softly, L., looking round him with caution.

SAIB. (*in a low voice*) Hist! Kenric!

KENRIC. (*R.*) How now? What brings—

SAIB. (*L.*) Silence, and hear me. You have saved my life; nor will I be ungrateful. Look at this phial!

KENRIC. Ha! did the earl!—

SAIB. Even so. A few drops of this liquor should to-night have flavoured your wine—you would never have drank again! Mark me then: when I offer you a goblet at supper, drop it as by accident. For this night I give you life: use it to quit the castle; for no longer than till to-morrow dare I obey my lord's commands. Farewell, and fly from Conway—you bear with you my thanks.

Exit, L.

KENRIC. Can it be possible? Is not all this a dream? Villain! Yes, yes, I must away! But tremble, traitor! A bolt, of which you little think, hangs over, and shall crush you! The keys are still in my possession; Angela shall be the partner of my flight. My prisoner too—Yet hold! May not resentment—may not Reginald's sixteen years' captivity—Oh no! Angela shall be my advocate; and, grateful for her own, for her parent's life preserved, she can, she will obtain my pardon. Yet, should she fail, at least I shall drag down Osmond in my fall, and sweeten death's bitter cup with vengeance.

Exit, L.

NEWMARKET AND CHESTER.

THERE are few places of amusement, with the exception of the deck of a yacht, which are so much exposed to cold winds as Newmarket Heath. There was a bitter east wind on the Tuesday of the late Spring Meeting, and it was therefore but natural that the attendance should be unusually small. Even more dispiriting than the piercing wind was the opening of the racing; out of a wretched little field of three horses, the favourite winning in a canter by five lengths. For the Prince of Wales's Stakes there was a better field, the favourite being the American horse Parole, the winner of both the City and Suburban Handicaps and the Great Metropolitan Stakes of last year. The favourite appeared to be going very well until he came to the Bushes, where he was beaten. The race was won by Ragman, a horse which had never won a race as a two-year-old or a three-year-old. Then came a two-year-old Selling Plate. A colt called Kühlehorn, belonging to the Duke of St. Albans, was a strong favourite, and the extreme outsider was a filly out of Adrastia, against whom as much as twenty to one was laid. The outsider made the running in the centre of the course, and at one time it seemed as if she were going to gallop right away from her seven opponents. But suddenly she slackened her pace, and Archer brought up the favourite. The Adrastia filly gave way in a very curvish manner, and allowed the favourite to run up to her; but the winning-post had been passed before Kühlehorn had quite overhauled her, and she was lucky enough at last to win by a head. She had cost eighty guineas as a yearling, but she was now bought in for 680 guineas, which seemed a good price, considering the faint-hearted manner in which she had collapsed at the end of the race. Ten horses came out for the Welter Handicap. Here was another surprise. An outsider called Flotsam, which had won several races a couple of years ago, but had run seven times without winning a single race last year, not only won the race, but won it very easily. It was said that he won by fifteen lengths; but this, of course, must have been a mere guess. The fact was that the horse fairly galloped away from the rest of the field. He is small, but handsome, and he moves with great strength and freedom. It is said that he is a roarer, but he cannot be very badly affected at present. Two very fine races followed, in each of which there was a dead heat. The racing of the first day was by no means of the highest class as regarded the quality of the competitors or its bearing upon future events; but there were, as we have pointed out, three very fine contests, and a couple of those surprises which form at least half the interest of racing.

The racing on the Two Thousand day began badly by Rayon d'Or, the winner of last year's St. Leger, walking over for the Prince of Wales's Stakes. A handicap which followed was won by a horse of Lord Hartington's. The owner of one of the horses in a match which was to have been the succeeding race paid forfeit; and then followed a fine piece of riding by Fordham, who still further distinguished himself in the Two Thousand, which happened to be the very next race. That race, and the two following, were all hard-fought contests, each of them being won, after a hard struggle, by a head only. The last race of the day was easily won, but it brought out a good horse in Thurius, who galloped away from his opponents after the manner in which it behoveth a good horse to gallop.

We usually wish to notice the events of each day at Newmarket during the principal meetings; but the racing on the Thursday of the First Spring Meeting was so wretched that it was unworthy of description. The quality of the competitors was miserable, and only in two of the races was there anything like a contest. Except in one instance, the fields were small, from three to five horses only starting for most of the races, and perhaps the best that can be said of the day is that the weather was fine. We therefore pass over the racing of the third day without further comment, and

proceed to notice the One Thousand Guineas, which took place on the following day. The favourite for this race had at one time been Evasion, the winner of the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster. She is a fine, powerful mare by Wild Oats, belonging to the Duke of Westminster. A report, however, had been spread about that she had been terribly beaten in a trial at Muncaster, who had run second in the Two Thousand. Moreover, some good judges considered that, although she was fine mare with plenty of bone, she did not show a great deal of quality, and that her conformation, if powerful, was not particularly symmetrical. The fine and good-looking Versigny was more fancied. She is by Flageolet, the sire of Rayon d'Or, and she had already run well in France this spring. Elizabeth had run twice last season, and had won on each occasion. In her first race, which was the Warren Nursery Plate at Sandown, she had cantered in two lengths in advance of the nearest of fourteen horses which ran against her, and she had won her second race by a similar distance in the Newmarket Houghton week. On the day of the One Thousand, she looked in the perfection of condition, but there was a rumour that she had been beaten in a private trial. Strathardle belonged to the same owner as Evasion, and as the latter was evidently the champion of the stable, the former was not backed. Yet, if Strathardle had come from some other trainer's, it is quite possible that she might have been a fair favourite. She had run within a neck of the winner of the Two Thousand in the Troy Stakes, and she had won the Prendergast Stakes at Newmarket as well as the Badminton Plate at York. Brilliance had won a couple of races, but she had been beaten five times. Eirene had won a couple of races last year, and although she was once beaten, she had then been heavily weighted. Her breeding was excellent, as she was by Adventurer out of a Rataplan mare, and after the successes of her half-sister Wheel of Fortune last year, it was but natural that her claims to favouritism should have been respected. Another very good-looking mare was Sabella, a daughter of Blair Athol. Much of her running had been anything but creditable, but she had won the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom, in which race she had beaten the famous Prestons, who would probably have been either first or second favourite for the Two Thousand if his entrance for that race had not been rendered void by the death of his nominator. She had also beaten in the same race The Abbot, who had run a good third for the Two Thousand. Then she had won the Biennial Stakes at Ascot from a fair field; so that on her best form she appeared to have a very tolerable chance of winning the One Thousand. On the other hand, in addition to her very indifferent performances in some of her two-year-old races, there was the objection that she had gained a reputation—whether rightly or wrongly we are not in position to state—of being queer-tempered with other horses, so much so that she had to be exercised by herself instead of with the rest of the horses in the care of her trainer. In Bounds, by Hermit, after an unsuccessful two-year-old career, had won a race at the end of the season, and Cipolata, a filly by Macaroni, had won four races out of six. Mirth had beaten a large field in a race during the Second October Meeting at Newmarket; she had also run second twice, besides running one dead heat.

Mirth and Eirene were restive at the post; but there was very little time lost in starting the ten competitors, who got away almost abreast. They came along in an unbroken line for a short distance, when Strathardle began to make the running, and the pace then became very good. The field kept well together as far as the Bushes, where Strathardle grew tired of making the running and fell back. As they came up the hill, Elizabeth had a slight lead, with Versigny racing alongside of her, In Bounds, Evasion, Mirth and Cipolata following within a short distance. As they came up towards the winning-post, only Elizabeth and Versigny were in the race; but the latter was tiring at every stride, and even the assistance of Archer could not keep her by the side of Elizabeth, who shot away by herself and won by a length and a half. Evasion struggled on to the end, but she was only a bad third. Strathardle, who had fallen back on giving up the running, was fourth. Elizabeth is by Statesman, a horse little known at the stud. He is by Young Melbourne out of an Orlando mare. Elizabeth's dam was Fair Rosamond, who was by King John out of Seclusion. Unfortunately, Elizabeth is neither in the Oaks nor the St. Leger. Versigny, who did not seem quite prepared, is engaged in the Oaks; and some judges think she may be considerably improved before that race.

The rest of the racing on the Friday was poor enough. A hot favourite was beaten in the first race. In the second, Merry-go-Round, of whom we have already had occasion to write this season, was opposed by two other Derby horses. He had the race completely in hand as soon as he was taken to the front, and the result was never in doubt. A colt by Speculum out of a Toxophilite mare won the Two-Year-Old Selling Stakes very cleverly, wearing down the favourite as he ascended the hill at the finish, and passing her by half a length at the winning-post. Another Speculum colt won the following race, which was likewise a Selling Stakes. This horse was Prospectus, the least fancied of all the four starters. The race was pretty one, and it is probable that Forager, who was the first favourite, would have won if he had not run sulkily at the finish. Thirteen horses came out for the handicap which followed the One Thousand, but Friar Tuck, who had been a very bad horse last year, won it in a canter by three lengths, the favourites being nowhere near him. Regrette, by Flageolet, won the Two-Year-Old Stakes, which concluded the week's racing, without any apparent trouble. With the exception of the Two

Thousand and One Thousand Guineas, the racing during the First Spring Meeting was of a very poor class, and, except on the Wednesday and the Friday, the attendance was very small. But, however justly people may abuse the week's racing, they should not forget that the race for the Two Thousand was an exceptionally fine race, and, despite the cutting east wind, the weather was dry and endurable.

Few, if any, race meetings have deteriorated so much within the last few years, without apparent cause, as the Chester meeting. For a considerable period, from twenty to forty horses used always to start for the Tradesman's Cup; indeed on one occasion as many as forty-three horses ran for that race; but for the last four years only ten horses have gone to the post, and less interest seems to be taken in the race year by year. Great efforts have been made to re-establish the Chester Meeting in public favour; the Duke of Westminster's patronage has been obtained, the course for the Cup has been shortened, and the meeting has been reduced from four to three days; yet matters seem to get worse instead of better, and the race for the Cup itself excites less and less interest. There was nothing like a good fight for any one of the races on the first day of the late meeting, and the first hard struggle was for the last race but one on the second day. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's chestnut filly Fashion cantered in, three lengths in advance of the rest of the field, for the Cup. She had cost 300 guineas as a yearling, and had won but one out of five races as a two-year-old. This season, after losing her first race, she had won the International Handicap at Newmarket, and she afterwards ran second to Chippendale for the Great Metropolitan Stakes at Epsom. Lord Rosebery's usual ill luck at Chester again befel him. His horse started first favourite, and ran third. Last year two of his horses ran second and third, and a couple of years earlier one of his horses ran third. Considering the easy manner in which Fashion won her race, it is to be regretted that she is not entered for the Oaks or any of the important three-year-old races. Like the last winner of the Derby, she is by Favonius.

REVIEWS.

JAMIESON'S ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF THE SCOTTISH LANGUAGE.*

THE republication of such a work as Dr. Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary is an enterprise which needs some little courage. More than seventy years have passed since the first edition appeared, and during that time vast improvements have been effected in the methods of philological science, or as some nowadays prefer to call it, linguistic. The tests for measuring and determining the affinities of dialects and languages have been laid down with an exactness which has greatly discouraged, if it has not entirely repressed, the unsystematic guesswork which, with many, had passed for scientific research; and this result has been obtained partly by the more thorough application of the comparative method, and partly by the increase of historical knowledge. The growth of the English language has in particular been examined with a careful minuteness which leaves little to be desired; and the relations of the present literary dialect to the dialects which were once on a par with it, and are still spoken by the countryfolk as they were centuries ago, have been traced with admirable clearness. The conclusions thus reached have not always been accepted without protest; and the opposition made to them has sometimes assumed the form of extravagant or amusing paradox. Few facts are established on better evidence than the thoroughness of the Teutonic conquest of Southern Britain in the fifth and sixth centuries; but the very completeness of the conquest has led some to maintain that, for all practical purposes, the old population remained where they had been, and that the English of the present day are rather a Celtic than a Teutonic people, with more points of likeness in forms of speech, national habits, and modes of thought to Hellenic than to any German tribes. Such speculations as these, which are now apt to die out quickly like fire for lack of fuel, formed the serious occupation of life for many who in the last century brought to the task no inconsiderable powers of research and a vast mass of unwieldy or useless learning. If it cannot be said that Dr. Jamieson was wholly free from these faults, this must be set down in great part, if not wholly, to the circumstances under which he worked; but it may be asserted without fear that he followed judiciously and with large success the best methods of his time, and that on this ground alone the republication of his Dictionary is fully justified.

Dr. Jamieson is not indeed one of the most perspicuous or the smoothest of writers, and sometimes we come across sentences which, to say the least, are dark and puzzling; while from a few we fail—probably from the mere awkwardness with which the sentences are constructed—to gather any meaning whatever. But the general course of his argument can be followed without difficulty, and the issue which he raises is one in which there is still room for some further examination. His chief contention is that the Scottish language is no mere dialectical variety of English; that it

* *An Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language.* By John Jamieson, D.D. A New Edition, carefully Revised and Corrected, with the entire Supplement incorporated, by John Longmuir, A.M., LL.D., and David Donaldson, F.E.I.S. Vols. I. and II. Paisley: A. Gardner. 1879-80.

did not find its way to the lands north of the Tyne or the Tweed from the southern parts of the island; that the English who found a refuge at the court of Malcolm Canmore exercised on it no very momentous influence; and that it points to the occupation of the country by tribes much more closely akin to the German than to the Celtic nations during ages preceding the dawn of trustworthy or contemporary history. In short, Dr. Jamieson, in his Dissertation on the Origin of the Scottish Language, plunges into that terrible controversy which, as the readers of Scott's *Antiquary* will remember, broke up the symposium of Jonathan Oldbuck at Monkbarns. The knight against whom he hurls his weapon is the "indefatigable and erudite Chalmers," whom Sir Arthur Wardour claims as the doughtiest of his champions; while on his own side he has the more cautious scholar whom the *Antiquary* lauds as the learned Pinkerton. In few words, then, the Scottish language is the inheritance left by the old British people to their descendants who still remain in their ancient home; and thus, as Oldbuck insisted, the Picts spoke a genuine Gothic dialect, which had no more affinity with any form of Celtic speech than our English has with Welsh. In this position, although it roused the burning wrath of the good knight of Knockwinnock, there is nothing which is necessarily inconsistent with the conclusions reached by English philologists on the growth and the relations of English dialects. It does not affirm that the Teutonic invasion of this country in the fifth century was less overwhelming to the Welsh inhabitants than our most recent historians assert it to have been; all that it does is to assert that a people closely akin to the Teutonic invaders of Southern Britain had been established in the island before the days of the Roman occupation. Even at the present time such an assertion may call forth some heat of temper; but the question is one which fairly demands dispassionate inquiry. Not a few, perhaps, are ready to allow that the keels of Hengist and Horsa were by no means among the first which brought German warriors into Britain; and there is no great reluctance on the part of many to admit that the Count of the Saxon shore may have been an officer charged with the management of German settlers in the land, quite as much as with the task of guarding the coasts from the inroads of their kinsmen. The testimony of Beda, like that of Herodotus, is that of a man perfectly trustworthy on all points in which he could not well be influenced by ecclesiastical or religious prejudices. When he speaks of a popular belief we may be quite sure that that belief is rightly reported; and of the Picts he distinctly says that they had occupied the northern parts of the island, while the Britons (the name by which he always speaks of the Welsh) were in possession of the south. Nor can it be supposed that Nennius and Gildas, Welshmen themselves, were mistaken when they assert that the Picts were an entirely distinct people, who found their way first to the Orkneys, and thence to the mainland of Britain. The opinion of Tacitus on the strong likeness between the Caledonians and the Germans may go for what it is worth; but the expressions of Claudian and Ammianus Marcellinus imply a close affinity between Picts and Saxons, and this testimony belongs to a time far earlier than the Teutonic conquest of Britain in the fifth century. These, however, were not the only non-Celtic settlers in this island even before the first visit of Julius Caesar. If we are to give credit to this singularly acute and exact observer, the Belgæ of Southern Britain belonged to the same stock with the Belgæ of the Continent, and both were wholly distinct from the Gaulish tribes amongst whom they had established themselves. As the result of careful inquiries, Caesar makes the statement that the Belgians generally were sprung from the Germans, and that they had at an early time crossed the Rhine, and driven out the Gauls from the lands which they resolved to make their home. This at least was the tradition of the people themselves, and Caesar adds not a word implying disbelief of it on his own part. On these facts Dr. Jamieson naturally lays great stress, inasmuch as, if the speech of the Belgæ was Gothic, the whole fabric sedulously built up by Chalmers must fall to the ground. The latter boldly denied the facts; to Dr. Jamieson, on the other hand, "the existence of the Belgæ in Britain, when it was first visited by the Romans, had always appeared an irrefragable proof that the Gothic language was very early spoken, if not in the northern, at least in the southern, parts of our island; and of itself a strong presumption that it was pretty generally extended along the eastern coast."

He next addresses himself to Chalmers's contention that the names in the Belgæ parts of Southern Britain are "only significant in the Celtic tongue," and rightly urges the dangers of the elastic methods employed by that writer. Chalmers is quite satisfied that the Cantæ who gave their name to Kent, or received it from Kent, were so called as living in the open country, the British *cant*, that the Picts were named by the British provincials *Peithu*, or the people of the open country, and that the word *Venta* is the same as the British *gwent*, which also means the open country. On the other hand, Dr. Jamieson urges that the name Kent is the German *Kant*, a corner, extremity, or angle, like *Cantyre*; but although in this or in other instances he may happen to be right, he places himself on perilous ground when he undertakes to show that all Pictish names which Chalmers claims as Celtic are really Gothic, because they may be interpreted quite as easily through Gothic as through Celtic words. Thus the name *Necton*, he says, may be referred to the Icelandic "necka, incurvare, *tanne dens*, q. crooked tooth; or *neck-ia*, humiliare, *ton*, vox, q. low-sounding," while *Mailcom* may be "Isl. *meij*, puella, *lock-un*, seductio, q. the seducer of virgins; or *maele*, speech, and

kunna, to know, q. eloquent." This is a method of dealing with words which had a strong temptation for the old Greeks, who knew little of any language except their own; and it is less dangerous for philologists nowadays only because they have a vastly wider range for their work of comparison, and may happen to make good hits where Herodotus or Aristotle were pretty sure to go wrong.

But although the general drift of Jamieson's argument is clear enough, there are, unfortunately, portions of his Dissertation on which, as we have said, we cannot pronounce an opinion, for the simple reason that they seem to be scarcely intelligible. It may be just possible to guess at the author's meaning in the following sentences, which look much like an explanation of *ignotum per ignotius*, the most wonderful sentence in the paragraph being quoted from Ellis:—

The circumstance of the Scottish language bearing so striking a resemblance to the English in its form, which has been undoubtedly borrowed from the French, and particularly in its becoming indeclinable, has been urged as a powerful proof that we borrowed our language from our Southern neighbours. But Mr. Ellis has manifested his judgment, not less than his candour, in the solution of this apparent difficulty. He shows that "at the era assigned for the introduction of A. Saxon into Scotland, as, indeed, it had not been previously mingled with Norman, although it had, the Saxon refugees would never have wished to introduce into that country which afforded them an asylum a language which they must have considered as the badge of their slavery."

It is scarcely worth while to attempt the disentanglement of this twisted coil, and assuredly it would not be easy to find an instance of confusion worse confounded. Happily these obscurities seem to be limited to the Dissertation. The articles in the Dictionary are for the most part perfectly clear; many of them show a profusion of learning judiciously applied; and all prove that Dr. Jamieson made good use of the best methods available in his day. Had he been writing some years later, he would probably have referred Coranich, or Coronach, and Corbie to his article on Croyn, or Crune, which he takes as denoting the low and hollow moaning of a bull:—

Mr. Pink renders this *bellowed*; but this word, as generally used, is rather too forcible. *Rouost* corresponds to *bellow*, and denotes the roaring of cattle. But *croyn* signifies the murmuring or groaning noise made by them, when they want food, are pained, or are dissatisfied on what account soever. Belg. *kreunen*, *kronen*, to groan, to whimper; Isl. *hrynn*, *grunnire*.

By carrying these words back to their root, he might have connected them with many others of the same family in which this root is found in its harder or softer forms, whether in the Latin *rudens*, the Gr. *kópaz*, Sansk. *karava*, Lat. *corvus*, *cornix*, Ger. *Krähe*, our *crow*; nor would he have contented himself with merely comparing *corbie* with the French *corbeau*, and the Swedish *korp*. Still less would he have been satisfied with saying under *Coranich*, "This word is originally Ir., and is derived by Obrien from *cora*, a choir, which he again derives from Lat. *chorus*." Such derivations open pitfalls for the unwary. But the form *Cronach* speaks for itself. Nor is it surprising that he was disposed to regard as coming through French, or as being French, some words which are merely French forms of Teutonic words, as *garde* and *guerre*. In this way he treats *Bolyn*, *bowlime*, and in this way he might also have treated *bowling-green*. On the other hand, there are many articles which leave little or nothing to be desired. We have heard much of the evidence of old Phoenician settlements in this country furnished by the expressions *beltane* or *bayle-fires*. Such speculations Dr. Jamieson leaves on one side, rejecting both the Semitic and Latin origin of the words. Bayle-fire, he says, is a bonfire, and bonfire is not, as Skinner "wildly" derived it, from the Latin *bonus*, but denoted simply the fire with which the dead were burnt, and hence any great fire or blaze. There can be little doubt that the first syllable in balefire is the same word which we have in Baldur, and that Grimm was right in comparing Baldur with the Slavonic *Bjelbog*, the white or glistering god, as contrasted with the dark or black demon *Tscheribinog*. We have here, in short, one of the forms of the root which has long been used to express all gradations of light from the most dazzling splendour to paleness, blankness, and absolute blackness. With the same good sense, after defining *ashieattle* as "a neglected child," and adding, "Isl. *patti* signifies puerulus," he asks, "As *aska* is cinis, what if the term denote a child allowed to be among ashes?" We may be tempted to regret that Dr. Jamieson did not think of Cinderella or Boots lying unheeded among the embers, "until," in Sir G. Dasent's words, "The time for final recognition comes, and then his dirt and rags fall off—he stands in all the majesty of his royal robes and is acknowledged once for all a king." Not less judicious are the explanations of Caterans and Culdees; but, in truth, the greater number of the articles deserve the same praise. Dr. Jamieson's book is one which has not yet lost its value; nor do we think that it is likely to lose it for many years to come.

CROKER'S BOSWELL AND BOSWELL.*

"THE Reader, like myself," writes Mr. Fitzgerald, "will be amazed to discover that 'one of the best-edited books in the English language,' as the 'Quarterly Review' styled Croker's

* Croker's *Boswell and Boswell: Studies in the "Life of Johnson"*. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1880.

'Boswell,' exhibits an elaborate system of defacement and mutilation.' The reader will, we fancy, be more amazed at Mr. Fitzgerald's amazement than at anything else. Macaulay surely has written in vain, if it is left for any one to discover at the present day how Croker defaced and mutilated Boswell. Yet Mr. Fitzgerald has done some good service in the work before us by his careful comparison, in many passages, of Boswell and of Boswell as presented to us by Croker. He has, moreover, drawn attention to the fact that even in the latest editions, though many of Croker's monstrous deformities have been cleared away, yet far too many remain. Croker, as he points out with some humour, 'had shown himself a perfect "churchwarden" in his destructive labours.' In spite of the meritorious efforts of more than one restorer, his whitewash and his false ornaments still to a great extent mar the beauty of the original building. Mr. Fitzgerald states that 'a new and revised edition of Croker's otherwise excellent work is announced.' We join with him in the hope 'that what is submitted here will not be overlooked.' It is, indeed, most important that the text should be restored to the state in which Boswell left it. Mr. Fitzgerald some few years ago himself published a reprint of the first edition of 'The Life.' We, indeed, should be inclined to adopt as the standard text the second rather than the first edition. Not a little might be said even for adopting the third, for, though Boswell did not live to carry it through the press, he had done something towards the necessary revision. Moreover, it was edited by his friend Malone, who had rendered him the most valuable assistance when his work was still in manuscript, and who therefore was admirably well fitted for the duties of editor. It is between these three editions, and these alone, that the choice lies. We have had far too much of Croker's Boswell, and we sincerely trust that his mutilated text will never be published again. His notes are a very different matter. We have never hesitated to own the great debt that we lie under to him for the light that he has thrown on many an obscure passage. Many of his explanations, no doubt, were mistaken, and a great many of his comments were very silly. Nevertheless the additions that he made to Boswellian lore were of great value. For the general reader, however, his edition is very ill-suited. Boswell in himself is, we fear, almost too long for these days of abridgments. We always strongly urge any one who asks our advice to buy a pre-Crokerian Boswell. The student no doubt finds Mr. Murray's octavo edition of the greatest service, but the general reader is likely to be discouraged by its length. But, discouraged or not, in reading it he does not, as has been pointed out again and again, read Boswell. Mr. Fitzgerald's reprint of the first edition is not only useful to the student, but moreover is far more suitable for those who are not students than any edition of Croker. It is a pity, however, that the notes to it, as we have had to point out before, are inaccurate. Accuracy indeed is not one of his merits. He has, it is clear, a great love of his subject, and he has made himself very familiar with the literature of the time. His style, however, is wanting in clearness, and his statements in exactness. The careful reader at once discovers that he is not a safe guide.

Before, however, we proceed to the less pleasant task of pointing out some of the errors into which Mr. Fitzgerald falls, we would bestow on him that praise which he really deserves. His collation of Croker's edition with the text as Boswell left it is curious and interesting. 'Certain omissions are indeed,' as he shows, 'most unaccountable.' The following is one of the instances that he gives:—

When Johnson was dying, we are told:—

"Mr. Windham having placed a pillow conveniently to support him, he thanked him for his kindness, and said, 'That will do—all that a pillow can do.'"

We look in vain for this passage in any of Mr. Croker's later editions. Why it was omitted is inscrutable.

More interesting, however, is Mr. Fitzgerald's collation of the first and second editions. Mr. Croker's corruption of the text ought of course to be set aside and treated with the utter neglect that has punished Bentley's corruption of the text of *Paradise Lost*. But the changes that Boswell himself made should be carefully shown by marginal notes in all future editions. Of his Scotticisms, for instance, many disappear in the second edition, though some remain. One or two of his stories are, as Mr. Fitzgerald shows, greatly improved. The following is an instance:—

Thus: 'A foppish physician imagined that Johnson had animadverted on his wearing a fine coat, and mentioned it to him. "I did not notice you," was his answer. The physician still insisted. "Sir," said Johnson, "had you been dipped in Pactolus I should not have noticed you." Now the point of Johnson's answer does not come with much comedy effect; and indeed, the supposition that Johnson had "animadverted" on his coat, so far, seems to show that the physician did not deserve such a retort. This is mended in the second edition, possibly because another version was given to Boswell, or because he recalled the true one himself. "A foppish physician once reminded Johnson of his having been in company with him on a former occasion. "I do not remember it, sir." The physician still insisted, adding, that he that day wore so fine a coat that it must have attracted his notice. "Sir," said Johnson, "had you, &c." How infinitely superior this version!'

These instances will show the chief service that Mr. Fitzgerald renders by his present work. We have had, we must confess, some little hesitation about quoting them, as we have some grounds for fearing that we shall be shown to be quoting what is already well known. In our review of his reprint of Boswell we quoted a letter of Johnson's which Mr. Fitzgerald thus introduced:—"This letter, which was found among Sir George Rose's papers, will be a surprise to readers of Boswell's *Johnson*." We certainly understood—that we do not in the least imply that Mr. Fitzgerald

meant us to understand—that this letter had not been published previously. We were informed by a correspondent who had read our review that it had been already twice published, and was to be found in so well-known a book as Prior's *Life of Macrone*. In the work before us, likely enough quite unconsciously, Mr. Fitzgerald repeats Macaulay and also Mr. Carlyle. He considers, for instance, the passages that Croker incorporates in the text, apparently in entire forgetfulness that he is following in Macaulay's footsteps. He discusses the assertion which Croker makes that Boswell was prevented by the law of copyright from making extracts from the works of his rival biographers. But Macaulay had discussed this first. The following passage, however, is the most striking instance of this kind of repetition. Mr. Fitzgerald says:—

"Davies," wrote Johnson, "has got great success as an author, generated by the corruption of a Bookseller." A happy satirical phrase, quite intelligible. But, Mr. Croker explains, "This means that Davies, from his adversity as a bookseller, had burst into new and gaudier life as an author." It certainly does not.

Now Macaulay, as every one but Mr. Fitzgerald must remember, had thus written:—"Poor Tom Davies, after failing in business, tried to live by his pen. Johnson called him 'an author generated by the corruption of a bookseller.' This is a very obvious, and even a commonplace allusion to the famous dogma of the old physiologists. Dryden made a similar allusion to that dogma before Johnson was born. Mr. Croker, however, is unable to understand what the Doctor meant. 'The expression,' he says, 'seems not quite clear.' And he proceeds to talk about the generation of insects, about bursting into gaudier life, and heaven knows what."

The praise that Mr. Fitzgerald bestows on Croker is all, or almost all, to be found in Mr. Carlyle's famous essay, though, as may be well imagined, in a somewhat different form. He fills a good many pages with quoting a great part of Croker's defence against Macaulay's attack. Yet, as he himself says, this defence is prefixed to all the recent editions. His justification for thus reprinting what most of his readers will already have at hand may perchance be that, as he intends to sit as a judge on the two disputants, it is needful to give the whole case. It might surely, however, have been a good deal more abridged. Indeed we do not know that we should have suffered any great loss had his summing-up been altogether omitted. In reading this fierce controversy we have often wondered that Croker failed to discover one blunder into which Macaulay undoubtedly fell, and which, to the best of our knowledge, has not been hitherto pointed out. Croker, in bringing a charge of inaccuracy against Mrs. Thrale, had stated that Johnson was not acquainted with the Thrales till 1765. Macaulay hereupon writes, "Mr. Croker, in reprehending the fancied inaccuracy of Mrs. Thrale, has himself shown a degree of inaccuracy, or, to speak more properly, a degree of ignorance hardly credible. In the first place, Johnson became acquainted with the Thrales, not in 1765, but in 1764, and during the last weeks of 1764 dined with them every Thursday, as is written in Mrs. Piozzi's anecdotes." Now had not Macaulay been only too eager to have a fling at his enemy he would have hesitated to bring forward Mrs. Piozzi as a witness. Her evidence on a date is almost worthless. Boswell himself, as of course was known both to Macaulay and Croker, had stated that it was in 1765 that the two became acquainted; but, as Boswell was abroad all that year, he might in this point have been mistaken. However, we have Johnson's own evidence. In his *Prayers and Meditations*, p. 191, he states, "My first knowledge of Thrale was in 1765."

Mr. Fitzgerald, in one of his discussions on a question of dates, altogether fails to see the real difficulties of the subject. He triumphs over Croker; but he triumphs without reason. All readers of Boswell will remember the famous quarrel on May 7, 1773, between Johnson and Langton at the dinner at Messrs. Dilly's. The quarrel led to an estrangement of some months between the friends. Yet two days after the quarrel we find, to our surprise, Johnson dining at Langton's house. An explanation of this may doubtless be found in the supposition that he went in fulfilment of an old engagement. Here is what Mr. Fitzgerald says on the subject:—

The question of the dining with "the testator" after the *fracas* is certainly perplexing, and, after trying all manner of solutions, the reader finds it vain to reconcile the contradiction. Strange to say, it is Mr. Croker himself, who, from a letter to Mrs. Thrale, supplies the solution. There, Johnson mentions the dinner as having taken place on May 19th, not on the 7th, as Boswell puts it; and that Johnson is right, Croker contrives to show by an allusion to the death of the Queen of Denmark, which took place on the 10th. This makes all clear; for thus Johnson dined with Langton and had his joke at the will, *before* their quarrel. Boswell, as in other instances, had shifted or confused his notes. But, with all so clear, Croker tells us "he cannot reconcile the dates."

It is by no means wonderful that Croker cannot reconcile the dates; for the dinner that Boswell describes took place, if we can trust him, on May 7th, 1773, while the dinner mentioned by Johnson in his letter to Mrs. Thrale was on May 19th, 1775, just two years later. Croker shows that the date of the letter could not have been given wrongly, for in it mention is made of the death of the Queen of Denmark. She died on May 10th, 1775. The curious fact is this. At the dinner at Messrs. Dilly's Johnson had, as Boswell tells us, a dispute with Dr. Mayo on toleration. In the letter to Mrs. Thrale, Johnson writes:—"I dined in a large company at a dissenting bookseller's yesterday, and disputed against toleration with one Doctor Meyer." The Dillys, we should add, were Dissenters. Croker, after quoting this letter, says:—"This must have been the dinner noted in

the text, but I cannot reconcile the dates." He does not go into any further consideration of the matter, but is content with thus laying down the law. He overlooks, however, one great—we might add insuperable—difficulty. In the conversation on toleration with Dr. Mayo Goldsmith took part. Now by 1775 Goldsmith was dead. Boswell's friend Temple was also one of the guests. But one of Boswell's letters shows that in 1775 Temple was at his country vicarage in the west. There must, therefore, it seems clear, have been two dinners in the month of May in different years at a dissenting bookseller's, in which Johnson disputed against toleration. In one of them his opponent was Dr. Mayo, in the other Dr. Meyer.

Mr. Fitzgerald once more opens up the interesting question of the duration of Johnson's residence at Oxford. We fail to see that he throws any fresh light on the subject. A new argument that he advances seems to us to have no weight. He maintains with Boswell that Johnson passed three years at the University. "It must," he says, "have struck every reader that all that is recorded of Johnson's position at Oxford must have taken a longer period than fourteen months to mature." *Mature*, as here used, is a somewhat odd word, but we will pass it by. He goes on to say that from these fourteen months must be deducted some months of the vacation. Now the college books show that Johnson was absent only one week in all the fourteen months. According to the present state of things, an undergraduate who should be a member of the University for two years and a half would not have passed more weeks in residence than did Johnson in his fourteen months. Mr. Fitzgerald fails to understand the entry about Johnson's caution-money, which we were the first to publish.* He describes it as "a minute claiming 7/- caution-money of Johnson as a set-off to a similar amount owing by him for commons." There was no claim of any kind made. The caution-money, of course, had been paid by Johnson on his entering college. He never removed his name from the books, and therefore he never wound up his account with the college. Most likely a yearly charge was made, as at present, against every one who keeps his name on the books. Nearly twelve years after he entered it was found that the amount he owed was balanced by the amount of his caution-money, and therefore his account was closed. We fail to see in this, as Mr. Fitzgerald does, "a document of almost pathetic interest."

One of Mr. Fitzgerald's conjectural emendations is uncommonly absurd. No reader of Macaulay can have forgotten the famous passage of arms between him and Croker on Johnson's θφ. "At the altar," Johnson had written in his diary, "I recommended my θφ." "These letters," said Croker, "probably mean θντρος φίλων, departed friends." Macaulay at once advances to the charge, bringing with him in his train his well-known school-boy with his imminent danger of a flogging. Croker replied with "a grossly corrupt passage from Euripides." Mr. Fitzgerald quotes Macaulay's rejoinder, but makes somewhat hasty of his Greek. He adds, "I myself would offer a conjecture which seems more plausible. 'My θφ . . .' was 'my θετρα φίλα,' i.e. 'my beloved Tetty,' the *t* becoming *th* as in Elizabeth, her name. The objection from 'my θ friends' would be slight. As all Johnson's diaries were hard to decipher and transcribe, it ran probably 'my θ friend.'"[†] The confusion in this passage is most astounding. Where did Johnson mention "my θ friends"? It was "my θφ" that he wrote, and that, for all we can see, may be just as well singular as plural. Mr. Fitzgerald, therefore, first raises up for himself a difficulty which he has then laboriously to clear away. But, passing this over, we come next to his conjecture, and lastly to his Greek. But here we refuse to follow him. We are unwilling to invoke Macaulay's fourth-form boy, with his imminent danger of a flogging, and yet without him we can scarcely do justice to the case. Mr. Fitzgerald's English is at times as hard to understand as his Greek. The following passage, for instance, we have puzzled over in vain:—

One would be inclined to suppose that they were owing to the promptings of Mr. Malone, who seemed to have loathed Hawkins, calling him "a detestable fellow," accusing him of stealing Johnson's watch, stick, of lying, &c. However, the Knight himself was not slack in accusing others of purloining similar articles. Some of these comments show a strange spirit of perversion. Thus Boswell: and I cannot trace the least foundation for the following dark and uncharitable assertion by Sir John Hawkins.

We must not conclude, however, without once more calling our readers' attention to the fact that there is in Mr. Fitzgerald's volume, in spite of all its inaccuracy, not a little that will interest a real Boswellian, with not a few suggestions that ought to be carefully considered by any future editor of the Life of Johnson

out of date or positively erroneous. The notes on architecture are of value; and as they are not to be found in ordinary guide-books, and are the observations of a practical architect, they are worth sifting out. But when Mr. Pullan visited the Pyramids, or, rather, the Great Pyramid, for he hardly notices the existence of any others, he merely gives the experience of thousands of other travellers, and refers the reader for further particulars to Mr. Piazzi Smyth, who "has written an exhaustive book on the subject." Can Mr. Pullan have read the "exhaustive book" himself? It is scarcely credible. Mr. Smyth, if we recollect aright, begins by stating that the chronicle of Manetho is wholly untrustworthy and must be set aside. Then he gives a list of some thirty or forty pyramids, putting them in an order of antiquity which, so far as the reader can judge, is arranged according to their distance from the Great Pyramid, so that the pyramid which all really scientific Egyptian students count the oldest is put by Mr. Smyth almost at the foot of his list. He quotes as a kind of creed the expression of one of his disciples to the effect that he believes the Great Pyramid to "contain a revelation from the Almighty, and its architect to have been divinely inspired." The author of this almost profane absurdity is recommended to his readers by Mr. Pullan; and a heavy blow is thereby aimed by Mr. Pullan at the credit of his own book. Going to Gheezeh with impressions derived from Mr. Smyth, his account of what he saw is wholly invalidated. He does not say when it was that he made his visit, but, as it was before the construction of the present road from Cairo, it must have been more than twelve years ago. Even in that unchangeable land many things have changed since then, and among them Mr. Smyth's theory, which, beginning with an article in *Good Words* on the sarcophagus of Cheops as a standard of measurement, has since expanded into one of the religions of the world. The original theory, and another on the standard of the "pyramid foot," have long been known to be founded on erroneous measurements; and the theory, such as it is—or, to speak more accurately, the hallucination—of the pyramid-worshippers, has been forced into a portentous growth. The amount of hard work, ingenious conjecture, religious animosity, and wild superstition which has been called into existence is only equalled by the enormous mass of literature which they have produced. Freemasonry has of late years been poaching in Mr. Smyth's manor, and an American engineer has been so moved by the sight of two little holes in the base of the obelisk which has been so wantonly removed from Alexandria, that he writes enthusiastically to the papers on the Freemasonry of the time of Cleopatra. There is, unhappily, enough credulity and stupidity in the world without the religion of the pyramid; and Mr. Pullan should have known better than to recommend Mr. Smyth's book. It is possible, however, that Mr. Pullan wrote his essay at the time he visited Egypt, which, as we have seen, must be above twelve years ago; and in those days the views of Mr. Smyth had not reached their present development. But this is no reason why Mr. Pullan should not have corrected his early impressions before reprinting them. A paragraph or two is devoted to all the other pyramids, and the rest of the chapter relates to the tomb of Shoofoo. Mr. Pullan says there are also pyramids "at Sakkara, Abourouel, Abousir, Dashour, Metanyeh, and Meidoun." We never heard of Abourouel before. Perhaps Abo Rowash is intended. Metanyeh is also new. It would be interesting to know in what part of Egypt it lies. There is a place called Matarieh near the site of the ancient Heliopolis, or On, but no pyramids are at that side of the Nile. Though Mr. Pullan notices the Sphinx, he does not mention the granite and alabaster building beside it; a strange omission for an architect, as it is certainly, although its exact date remains a question, the earliest building excepting a pyramid yet discovered. Moreover, he calls the Sphinx, throughout, "she"; though, in the tablet of Thothmes IV., which he mentions, and in every other ancient inscription relating to it, "he" is the form employed. Altogether, this chapter, "A Peep at the Great Pyramid," is most disappointing, and goes far to spoil the whole book.

In the chapter on Alexandria Mr. Pullan makes some notes upon the fact that "hitherto in the history of the world practical results show that the larger number of great works of art have been accomplished under despotic rulers." The Parthenon was built by Pericles when he had become master of Athens. Rome owes the Colosseum to the Cæsars, not to the tribunes. Venice "owes all its finest structures to the doges of the time of its oligarchy, not to the time of its democracy; and liberal Italy is destroying, upon the plea of restoration, what despotic Austria would have religiously preserved." Paris was re-built by Napoleon III.; and Alexandria, "the city of the conqueror of the world," was designed by Dinocrates for Alexander. A very interesting account is given of the architectural remains on Mount Moriah. Mr. Pullan descended to the extensive vaults, in spite of much obstruction on the part of the Turks and his own dragoman. The descent is difficult, and a careful examination has not yet fixed the date, which may be only of the age of Justinian, or may be of a much earlier period. At Bethlehem, Mr. Pullan seems to be less interested in the sacred associations of the place than in making the discovery that the church "is the earliest basilica in existence, and the only one which has come down to us in an unaltered condition." It remains as it was left by St. Helena—the lady whom an American author, accepting the tradition of her British origin, recently described in a history of the Cross as "the old English-woman." The only additions are the roof, the mosaics of the twelfth century, and a "monstrous wall, which has been built between the

* See *Saturday Review*, September 12, 1874.

† *Eastern Cities and Italian Towns.* By R. P. Pullan. London: Stanford. 1879.

nave and transepts as a barrier—a practical and tangible ex-communication of the Greeks by the Latins, or of the Latins by the Greeks." The building is cruciform in plan, there is a wide nave with double aisles, and the eleven bays are marked by monolithic columns. The capitals are very classical in character, but the entablature with frieze and cornice above is overloaded with ornament of a later type. The transepts terminate in apses, and there is another at the east end. The roof is of cedar. The idea entertained by some writers that this church was one of those rebuilt by Justinian is, in Mr. Pullan's opinion, refuted by the character of the architecture. "The trabeate system here observable died out in the time of Constantine, and was replaced by the arcuate system, which became universal before the time of Justinian."

The first chapter of the second portion of the volume contains an interesting account of the discovery of some ancient walls and traces of a vast fortification in the Maremma. It has been sometimes identified with Vetulonia. Mr. Pullan gives reasons for considering it older than either Roman or Etruscan times. The Romans and Etruscans built with a certain degree of regularity, and with large stones. The wall on Monte Leone is irregularly built of small stones, the faces untooled. Another little-visited place in the Roman marshes is Corneto, the "Queen of the Maremma." Tradition says that Corneto, the cradle of the "proud race of Tarquin," was once surrounded with a hundred towers. About ten still remain, incorporated into houses and other modern constructions. One near the cathedral is still nearly one hundred feet in height. The cathedral presents unaltered the "arrangements of about the year 1100." The sanctuary is reached by two sets of steps from the nave, and has a baldachino in the centre, so placed that the celebrant "must stand with his back to the apse and his face to the people." Mr. Pullan adduces similar examples at Terracina and Toscanella of this very ancient usage. Close to Corneto is an extensive series of very ancient tombs, which have been described by Mr. Dennis and others. They singularly resemble similar remains in Egypt, especially in the character of the scenes represented on the walls. "Figures half life-size engaged in funeral feasts, hunting, racing," merry-making, loaded tables, couches, performers on flute and pipe, dancers—the description reads like a passage relating to an Egyptian grotto of the Twelfth Dynasty.

Mr. Pullan goes on to describe Toscanella, Falerii, and other places, and we must hope he escaped malaria in his researches. It requires some courage in these days to visit the dead cities of the Roman Campagna; but the architect and archeologist are amply rewarded. With respect to the characteristics of the modern Italians, and especially of the official class, Mr. Pullan echoes the same unfavourable opinion which many recent travellers have been forced unwillingly to form. "In no other country except Turkey is the patience of the traveller by railway tried to such an extent as in Italy." It is useful to arrive at the station half an hour before the time. The clerk seems unequal to the labour of giving out tickets. Paper money would not appear to be a rapidly circulating medium, for "certain notes are refused at the stations though taken elsewhere"; and Mr. Pullan has seen intending passengers left behind in despair because their notes were not those of one of the favoured banks. In Turkey things are perhaps worse, "for, after the custom of their country, obstinate peasants will still persist in trying to bargain for their tickets by offering at first one-half of the sum demanded." At Turin Mr. Pullan saw what he considers one of the greatest works of genius in the world. It will be wholly new to most people to hear this phrase applied to a half-finished modern building designed for a Jewish synagogue, by an engineer, Signor Antonelli. The Jewish community have exhausted their funds, and the gigantic shell, 240 feet in height, has been sold to the municipality, and may eventually be turned into museum. The mode of construction is bold in the extreme, being so slender that it is a wonder how the building can stand a day; yet the conditions of equilibrium seem to have been so carefully fulfilled that there is no danger of its failure. Mr. Pullan's description is not a model of clearness, and we cannot make out from it whether the dome has been completed, and, if so, what is its size. The central chamber "is the highest in the world, being 200 feet in height." The Jews do not seem to have acted with their usual prudence and economy in their dealings with this abortive synagogue, for after spending 24,000l. upon it they sold it unfinished for 6,000l. Although intended primarily for architects, Mr. Pullan's papers will be found interesting by many travelled and untravelled readers who can build nothing for themselves except the gorgeous palaces and cloud-capped towers of a day-dream.

A CONSUL'S MANUAL.*

IN his preface Mr. Joel says that his modest aim in writing this manual has been to supply his colleagues with a book of reference, and to put into the hands of the British shipmaster such information as he could otherwise only acquire by experience and a careful study of the Acts of Parliament relating to merchant ships and seamen. Mr. Joel has no doubt often felt the want of some such work in the discharge of his consular duties, and learnt how

* *A Consul's Manual and Shipowner's and Shipmaster's Practical Guide in their Transactions Abroad.* Compiled by Q. Joel, of Her Majesty's Consular Service. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

useful it would be to shipmasters, the class of men with whom the consul has his principal dealings. The only book of the sort which has been available hitherto, Mr. Tuson's Manual, has long been superseded by new Acts of Parliament, and new orders from the Foreign Office and Board of Trade. Even the original books of instruction issued by those departments have become little less antiquated than Mr. Tuson's work. Every few years some new Act of Parliament appears, and new orders or modifications of old ones are issued by the consul's superiors every few months. He has these Acts and orders scattered in many separate documents, but he probably will be not the less pleased to have them again in a more handy shape. Of course the greater part of a book of this class must be taken up with reprints of laws, forms for documents, and definitions of terms. It fulfils its purpose if the reprints are conveniently arranged and the definitions clear. In neither respect is there any fault to find with Mr. Joel's book. Of the seven parts into which it is divided, the second is devoted to the laws settling the qualifications for ownership of British ships, and providing for mortgaging, purchasing, and provisioning them, or keeping their crews in health. The relations of the Consul to the master and crew are treated in the third. The fourth deals with his legal duties, and the delicate question of the interference of foreign law courts; and the fifth with his duties in cases of wreck, casualties and salvage. The last two parts are devoted to definitions, glossaries, and forms.

It will easily be seen that the officer who has to deal with all these questions has a large field of action before him, and yet they by no means include all a Consul's duties. He is also a political agent, and holds to a certain degree the place of a *quasi ambassador*. With these duties and the qualifications required for their discharge, Mr. Joel deals in Part I. of his Manual. If the lay reader concerns himself with the book at all, he will probably find more to interest him in this than in any other part. The Consul, in the opinion of most Englishmen, is an officer stationed abroad to supply general information, give hospitality to travellers, and extricate his countrymen from the innumerable difficulties into which they contrive to fall when business or pleasure brings them to his port. This idea is not very far wrong. The Consul is, indeed, expected to do all these things, and does them, too, in a fairly efficient way; but wonderfully little is known of the nature of his service or the very small amount of support he receives in the discharge of his duties. Still less is known of the wide difference between one Consul and another—between, for instance, the representative of England at Beyrouth and the officer of similar title at Bordeaux. In his introductory sketch of the history of the service Mr. Joel starts from Julius Caesar, who, he tells us, "discarded the title of Consul for that of Dictator," B.C. 46. Mr. Tuson was ambitious of even a longer pedigree, for he discovered a Consul in Herodotus. That officer's post, if our memory does not deceive us, was at Memphis. The title was revived, it seems, by Roger I. of Sicily in Messina. Mr. Joel then proceeds to cite the "Consolato del Mare," which he apparently considers as the direct ancestor of the Board of Trade Instructions. Next we come to the Italians, who, "then known by the name of Lombards, created a number of consulates for the decision of commercial questions, and the due observance of treaties and conventions." It is obvious that the judge appointed by King Roger at Messina had no resemblance whatever to the English officer, also called a Consul, who is appointed there by Queen Victoria; but we have cited Mr. Joel's curious historical speculations because we think his confusion of ideas on the subject has been produced by observing the confused system on which his own service is conducted. An English Consul in a Mahometan country, in China or Japan, does not bear much more resemblance to an English Consul in France than either of these officers does to the "toga'd consuls" of whose military skill Iago had so low an opinion. The former is a very important person. Like the Venetian Consuls at Aleppo, Alexandria, and Jerusalem, who are brought in by Mr. Joel much more appositely than Julius Caesar, he is a judge among his own countrymen and in cases between them and natives. He can imprison offenders who have been found guilty in his court. His power and security are provided for by treaty and supported by gunboats. He often exercises great influence among the natives of the country in which he is stationed, and perhaps defends them from wrong at the hands of their rulers as much as he does his countrymen. Consuls of this class were at one time the only officers of the name employed by the English Government, and were only stationed on the north coast of Africa or in the Levant. These posts were, and are, at times as dangerous as they are important. The outrage at Salonica showed that even in these days a Consul might still find himself in the disagreeable position of his predecessor in Algiers, who, if the old sea song deserves any credit, "quoted Puffendorf, and Grotius, and proved by Vattel exceedingly well, that to hang him would be atrocious" when he was threatened by the Dey. A Consul in a civilized country, or in a country called civilized by courtesy, such as certain of the South American Republics, is a much less important person. He pays for his safety by loss of power. Mr. Joel, indeed, dwells somewhat on the dangers which members of his profession run in the discharge of their duty. He was once, he tells us, nearly killed by certain persons whom he ironically calls "guardians of the public order." It is also true that one of the many parties in a Spanish town during the first Carlist war proposed to hang H.B.M. Consul if the English squadron did not leave the coast. Such perils as these are, however, rarely met. The great difficulties of a Consul's life are not revolutionary disturbances, nor even

the epidemics on which Mr. Joel dilates, but the trouble he has in carrying out the regulations referring to masters and seamen contained in the third part of this Manual. At the very outset it is stated that "any seaman or apprentice who desires to make complaint to the Consul is permitted to go ashore, in proper custody, to make such complaint, under a penalty of 10*l.* on the master if, without reasonable cause, he refuses to allow it." We have quoted this passage because it illustrates admirably the nature of a Consul's duties—what may be called the lofty pretensions of his position, and the very limited amount of power with which he is endowed to support them. He appears here in the character of a magistrate, and it might be supposed that he would be supplied with power to enforce his decisions; but that is very far from being the case, as may be seen from Mr. Joel's book. A Consul has, as he points out, no power to enforce the penal clauses of the Merchant Shipping Acts, except, as already mentioned, in barbarous countries. Thus, in this matter of seamen's complaints, his interference is practically reduced to a mere matter of form when he has to do, as is generally the case, with obstinate and wrong-headed men. He must listen to every complaint, however absurd, knowing all the while that the talk is pure waste of time. The regulation says that the man is to be brought to his office "in proper custody"; but it does not say what "proper custody" is, or how it is to be provided by the master. A ship captain has no authority over his men when once they have landed in a foreign country; and he cannot call on the local police to arrest a man who has as yet committed no sort of offence. Again, a master must show "reasonable cause" for refusing to let a seaman go ashore to complain; but he is nowhere told what amount of cause is reasonable. The Consul has no police at his disposal; and, even if he visits a British vessel himself for purposes of inquiry, he cannot tell, unless he has been a naval officer, whether the work to be done on board affords the master reasonable cause for keeping the man back or not. The man who wishes to complain is not even bound to state beforehand what he proposes to complain about, and so any bad character (and if the almost universal testimony of masters and Consuls is worth anything, bad characters now abound on our merchant ships) can secure a good chance to desert, or worry the master and Consul into letting him leave the ship. Even when the man complaining is not a bad character, but only a very wrong-headed one—and sailors are often strangely whimsical and childish—he may give a great deal of trouble, and cause an immense amount of quite useless talking. What is even worse is that, where there is ground for serious complaint by the man against his master, or by the master against the sailor, or between man and man of the crew, the Consul is practically helpless to see justice done; he can only tell the parties to wait till they get to England, and settle the question there. It is not only by quarrelling with their masters, or with one another, that sailors employ the Consul's time. He has to provide for them when destitute, whether by their own misconduct or by shipwreck; to see that they are properly paid when sickness compels them to leave their vessel; and to act as their executor when they die abroad. He is equally at the beck and call of all British subjects who have business in foreign lands. Merchants who are trying to recover bad debts, wives who have been deserted by their husbands, clerks on the look-out for employment, write and appeal to him. He is the refuge of all who are destitute or in trouble, from the wandering acrobat out of work to the gentleman in search of sport whose gun has been impounded by the Custom-house. In the Consular Reports published a few years ago, one Consul stated that he had been requested by the friends of a young lady, who was coming out to be married to a British subject at his port, to receive her into his family, have her married from his house, and, it would seem, supply the wedding breakfast.

An officer who is to serve the public in so many ways must be a man of many accomplishments. Mr. Joel devotes a chapter to the qualifications required for the post. It will surprise the reader to see how little book-learning is considered necessary in these days of competitive examinations. A Consul must be able to write English, must know French, one other language, either German, Spanish, Portuguese, or Italian, and have some knowledge of Smith's *Compendium* and Colenso. So little will hardly get him a clerkship in a Government office at home. But his post is one which merely scholastic qualifications would never fit him to fill. What is required is tact and power of managing men. Allowing for professional enthusiasm, Mr. Joel is right in saying that

A Consul to be an efficient officer should in addition to these requirements possess special qualifications and attainments to enable him properly to discharge the important and multifarious duties of his office. He should be courteous and prudent, free from passion and firm in resolution. He should possess habits of thought and industry, for it is his duty not only to acquire such information as may be of service to his countrymen in arts, commerce, and manufactures, but also to impart it. He should be without prejudice and his mind should be so balanced as to enable him justly and fairly to decide all questions submitted to him. He should be well versed in the law of nations, and should make himself thoroughly acquainted with the laws, municipal ordinances, and the tariff of the place to which he is appointed. He should be polite and circumspect in his intercourse with the authorities of the port or place of his residence, as his usefulness to his countrymen in cases of emergency, especially in places distant from the great capitals and commercial centres, will frequently depend upon the personal influence he may acquire apart from the powers and privileges conceded to him by usage or secured to him by treaty.

The whole art and mystery of a Consul's business is contained in

the words "personal influence," and that is a thing which cannot be learnt from books. A Minister can only be sure that his subordinates will exercise it when he appoints able and experienced men to these posts. The wide discretion which is wisely left to the Foreign Secretary in appointing Consuls enables him to secure fit men who could not be used if our service were organized as rigidly as the French. Undoubtedly Consulates were used in former times as refuges for the dependants or broken-down friends of Ministers; but no Minister in our time, unless he were strangely eager for difficulties in Parliament, would appoint a notoriously unfit man to a place in which he might so easily cause trouble. Mr. Palgrave and Captain Burton are examples of men eminently fitted for the work, whose services could have been secured in no European country but our own, and many others might be cited. Experienced naval officers would perhaps make the best Consuls; nor would it be difficult to find plenty of them ready to undertake the work in these days of stagnation in promotion.

Mr. Joel's work is also intended for shipowners and shipmasters. It will not be less useful to them than to Consuls. Shipmasters in particular, in spite of the strenuous efforts of the Board of Trade to enlighten them, are often strangely ignorant of the limits of their power over their men; and this has not a little to do with their loud complaints of the worthlessness of their crews.

POET AND PEER.*

IN these days of careless and ill-considered writing, when anything seems to be thought good enough for a much-enduring public, it is satisfactory to read a novel like *Poet and Peer* that shows signs of reflection and conscientious workmanship. Mr. Hamilton Aïde has worked out his Wilfred, Lord Athelstone, with a blending of sympathy and dispassionate severity. The promise of the young heir-apparent to the Athelstone earldom is nearly all that can be desired; and though his "head is on fire" with warm fancies, we cannot doubt that the youth will steadily calm down with maturing years and the responsibilities of his inheritance. It takes some time before we discover what the author has clearly foreseen, that there are certain qualities inherent in Wilfred's nature which may be fatal to our expectations of final amendment. His apparent intellectual independence and precocious decision of character are really the germs of stupid stubbornness. And, like some eminent statesmen of our own times who are conspicuously before the world, quickly and lightly as he can change his convictions, he is invariably assured of his own infallibility. His lively fancy is always flying off at a tangent, and his poetical imagination clothes his far-fetched theories in colours more attractive to himself than to other people. In short, the young Lord Athelstone has been destined by Providence to be the tool and victim of designing people. Had he only had his own interests to care for, we should have watched his career with the calm interest of serene philosophy. But, as the author means to introduce excitement and sensation into his novel, he has staked the happiness of an engaging heroine on the wayward caprices of his eccentric hero. Nellie Dawson, who in her unconscious simplicity is all that is fascinating, deserves the happiness that eludes her grasp. The first meeting of the youthful pair is idyllic, and affords no unfitting inspiration for the day dreams of a youthful poet. The Honourable Wilfred, an Eton boy come home for the holidays, is lounging over a gate on his ancestral domains, when Nellie Dawson, in the innocent attractions of light costume and careless childhood, is framed in the glories of the sloping sunbeams, and dazzles the impressionable imagination of the dreamer. Naturally the peasant child recognizes the hero of her fancies in the brilliant young aristocrat, who, far from condescending to her, seems to throw a certain bashful timidity into his address. Most unfortunately for the two, these impressions prove indelible on both sides. Wilfred professes to hold in sovereign contempt the adventitious advantages of birth and station. Born to a good property and welcomed in the best society, he fancies that he can afford to throw the handkerchief where he pleases. On the other hand, he is singularly susceptible to the influences of beauty and innocence combined. Admiring himself beyond most other people, he behaves towards Nellie with characteristic selfishness. He believes himself to be nobly disinterested and independent when he is compromising the village girl by his attentions. Circumstances separate only to reunite them. Their fate is to become husband and wife, and they cannot avoid it. Yet the match could hardly have been conceivable had not events conspired to smooth the obstacles away. The death of Wilfred's father has left him absolutely his own master; while Nellie Dawson has been educated into a capacity to do honour to any station, by association with refined and cultivated women. She has treasures of affection to give away, and she lavishes them all upon her husband. Unfortunately his strong feeling for her had been a fancy, and ultimately he had married her in a moment of pique. His innermost idea is that he has given her much and received little or nothing in exchange. He does not trouble himself to develop the fascinations which her shy humility is inclined to suppress. She finds herself living in a chilling atmosphere of indifference, while her husband neglects her for other women to whom he is attached in the bonds of a platonic intimacy. To the last, so far as she is concerned, he is deaf and blind and stupid,

* *Poet and Peer*. By Hamilton Aïde, Author of "Penruddocke," &c. London : Hurst & Blackett. 1880.

while she suffers and pines away under his neglect. The author has been scientifically working up to his *dénouement* through chapters which are sometimes slow and inclined to drag. But in the closing scenes of the heroine's hapless life he displays no ordinary powers of pathetic description. Nellie, who has passed from despondency to despair, who has come to feel herself an incubus on the husband whose happiness she would have promoted at any sacrifice, deliberately decides to relieve him of her by breaking the fetters that bind him. To the reader it is apparent that, quite innocently of course, she is condemning him to go through refinements of torture. For nothing surely could be more stinging to a right-minded, though much-erring, man, who is in due time to experience the agonies of remorse, than the exquisitely pathetic expressions of forgiveness with which she takes leave of him on her death-bed. Each word, as it is uttered with the tenderest intonation, conveys the quintessence of bitter reproach. And yet we feel, knowing her fickle husband as we have been taught to know him, that possibly, so far as his earthly future is concerned, that melancholy inspiration of his wife's was a happy one. We leave him crushed down under grief and remorse, no doubt; yet it is more than on the cards that he may marry and console himself. For there is no possibility of counting on his wayward moods; and his talent of ingenious self-deception may serve him even when his lasting wretchedness seems assured.

The byplay of many of the minor characters is excellent. Mr. Aïdé evidently knows society well, and is as much at home in society abroad as in England. Great part of the time is passed in Rome, where he has steeped the scenes in local colouring. Indeed not a few of his most distinctive Roman types strike us as being closely painted after the life, or from models that wear very transparent veils. Little Miss Decker is especially good—the literary and artistic American spinster, who in her sublime independence as an unprotected female discards the conventionalities that are the ordinary safeguards of her sex; who is a characteristic medley of bluntness, want of tact, and good nature; who is ready enough with retort and repartee, though she has a knack of saying the wrong thing at the wrong times; and who makes no secret of her professional mission as interviewer and correspondent for an enterprising New York journal. Among the most noteworthy of the men is Mr. Briggs the artist, clever, vulgar, and perfectly good-humoured, who carries the tinge of sensuality in his jovial nature into the subjects he selects for the exposition of his powers. There are some brilliant rallies over the dinner-table—to borrow the language of the prize-ring—between the materially minded Briggs and his acquaintance Professor Spooner, a transcendentalist whose principles are severely ascetic. Then there is that sleek and silver-tongued Church dignitary, the Lord Bishop of Oporto, who exerts his really considerable talents in efforts to make the best of both worlds; and who prides himself on showing to advantage as an ornament of society, while never appearing to ignore the responsibilities of his spiritual rank. The ladies who stand out most conspicuously from these social groups are Sylvia Brabazon and Mme. de Waldeck. In the one case involuntarily, in the other with most malicious purpose, they exercise a commanding influence on the fates of the young Lord Athelstone and his lowly-born wife. When the peer first has an opportunity of admiring Miss Brabazon, her face and figure, and the soul shining from her eyes, appeal irresistibly to his romantic susceptibilities. So far as appearance, costume, and an almost aggressive independence of other people's opinions go, Sylvia is an exceedingly strong-minded woman. But, as it happened, in opposition to ordinary rules, the strength of mind in her case did not lie only on the surface; and had she chosen to take her admirer in hand in earnest, she might have imposed her will upon Athelstone without an effort. Unfortunately for him, still more unfortunately for the luckless girl he marries, Sylvia hesitates till she irritates his vanity and sees him slip through her fingers. She cannot decide whether the task is worth undertaking; for though he has touched her heart, she knows all the time that he is altogether unworthy of her. We must say that, for ourselves, we should have found it difficult to reconcile a belief in Sylvia's strong good sense with her ludicrously affected style of dress. When she first dawned on the sight of Lord Athelstone, as she stood on the sunny terrace of the Pincian, "she wore a dark-red robe—it would be sacrilege to call it gown or frock—trimmed with fur and made as nearly as possible like that we are accustomed to associate with Faust's Marguerite. A velvet and gold bag was slung at her side, and on her head was a small cap of fur. Beneath it her hair, which was of a reddish-brown and very thick, hung in loose coils in a net far down her back." An unpleasantly fantastical-looking young woman, we should have said; but, if she seemed to have stepped from the canvas of some quaint pre-Raphaelite artist, or escaped from the green room of a second-rate Roman theatre, any external oddities were more than redeemed by lustrous eyes of grey and an expression of exquisite sweetness. In any case, we come to forget her personal eccentricities in the excellence of her warm heart and the breadth of her delicate sympathies; while, though she is never trammelled by social conventionalities, when any work of charity or mercy is to be undertaken her feelings are as womanly as need be desired. Very much the reverse is Mme. de Waldeck. The pair—or the rivals, as perhaps we may call them—have nothing in common but their talents and good looks. As Miss Brabazon, had she so willed it, might have become Athelstone's better angel, Mme. de Waldeck makes herself unmistakably his evil inspiration. To do him justice,

his attachment to her after his marriage is rather intellectual than anything warmer. She assures to herself an almost absolute command of his actions by flattering the foibles which she is quick to detect and insinuating herself into an intellectual partnership. But it is certain he would never have entangled himself in her snares had she not been a pretty and fascinating woman; and the jealousy that shatters the health of his wife is founded on feelings that are natural, and even reasonable. The final chapters, as we have said, are worked out with great skill, where Nellie wastes away in the presence of the siren who has forced herself into the domestic intimacy of the Athelstones. The story is a sad one, and the conclusion is especially melancholy; yet it is sufficiently relieved with brightness and humour to make it, not only interesting, but agreeable reading.

MACDONELL'S FRANCE SINCE THE FIRST EMPIRE.*

DR. MAGINN used to say that when once a man had seen his articles in print within a few hours of their being written he was never as good as he might otherwise have been for work of a more deliberate kind. It is certainly true that political journalists have seldom done much in those departments of literature for which their profession might have been supposed to be a special preparation. There is something, perhaps, in the necessity of bringing every subject within the limits of a column and a quarter, and arranging it instinctively in three or four paragraphs, that units a man for working on a larger scale. Or it may be that the habit of dealing with questions of the moment makes it especially difficult to deal with larger subjects in the spirit which befits them. Even if, from temper or circumstances, the journalist is led to cultivate impartiality, his impartiality is different from that of the historian or the political philosopher. It is the impartiality which strives to do justice to an adversary—to state his case fairly, to make allowance for his prejudices, but to treat him as an adversary all the same. This temper has not always been fatal to historical reputations, but it more and more tends to become so. If Mr. Macdonell had lived to make *France Since the First Empire* what he intended it to be, he might have conquered the difficulty; but in the very interesting fragment published by his widow he can hardly be said to have done so. His intention was to "describe fully the four great parties which govern France—the Legitimist, the Orleanist, the Bonapartist, and the Republican." Mr. Macdonell's notes upon the last of these parties were not sufficiently forward to admit of publication, and even of the rest only a single chapter was left in the state in which he meant the reader to see it. It is probable that the rest were meant to be thrown into a more historical and narrative form than that in which they are actually cast. Undoubtedly they would have benefited by the change, but we cannot feel sure that Mr. Macdonell would have been able so far to withdraw himself from existing controversies as to make his judgments really impartial. It is quite possible to hold that a Legitimist or Orleanist restoration would be a misfortune for France, and yet to see that it is equally a misfortune that either dynasty should have been violently overthrown. No concessions on the part of the King and no amount of moderation on the part of the people could have averted the first Revolution. The great fabric of feudal and absolutist ideas could never have been displaced except by an earthquake. But the revolutions of 1830 and 1848 were revolutions of a wholly different kind. They were not unprovoked, but they were unnecessary. Everything that the authors of them professed to desire might have been attained more surely by the exercise of a little patience. Unlike the first Revolution, again, those of 1830 and 1848 were conceived and executed in Paris. In each case the acquiescence of the country was due rather to indifference than to approval. Both the Orleanists and the Republicans may be said, therefore, to have deserved ill of their country—the one for violently getting rid of Charles X., the other for violently getting rid of Louis Philippe. This fact may go some way to account for the strange detestation in which even sensible Royalists seem to hold the Republic. They feel that it was merely the perversity of a few excited Parisians that overthrew first the Legitimate and next the Orleanist dynasty. A little more wisdom on the part of the sovereigns attacked, a day or two's delay on the part of the populace which attacked them, was all that France needed to start her in a career even of peaceful improvement. Had Charles X. been allowed to abdicate in favour of his grandson, Henry V., brought up amidst different surroundings, might now have reigned over a nation which for more than sixty years would not have known a revolution. Had Louis Philippe been given time to master the facts of the situation, the Count of Paris might now have been reigning over a nation which for fifty years would not have known a revolution. Englishmen may read in these events the lesson that a nation will for the most part do well to bear the ills it has; but the partisans of the fallen dynasties will be more likely to remember the insufficiency of the occasions which overthrew them and the mischiefs which have followed upon their overthrow.

The best chapters of Mr. Macdonell's book are those which are most unmistakably "articles." He would have been seen, therefore, to greatest advantage in dealing with the Republic, its recent triumphs, and its immediate future. Unfortunately this

* *France Since the First Empire*. By James Macdonell. Edited by his Wife. London: Macmillan & Co.

part of his labour was only begun. Mr. Townsend, who in a short closing chapter gives the reader the general result of Mr. Macdonell's notes and conversations on the Republicans and their fortunes since 1870, says that "the conflict between the Republicans and the Anarchists he did not dread at all, and in fact did not believe in. . . . Society in France is founded on a rock. It is the one country in Europe in which social revolution—that is, successful revolution—not a mere *émeute*—is impossible," the reason being that "taking the landholders, the rentiers, and the people with hoards together, eight Frenchmen in every ten hold property." No doubt this is true; but when Mr. Macdonell went on to infer from it that the Republic would succeed, we do not feel sure that he allowed sufficient importance to another aspect of French character which at the same time he very clearly realized. He admits that "the Republican inability to leave the Church alone" is a danger to the Republic, and in the chapter on the Clerical party he brings out the nature of this danger with great clearness. The conflict between the Church and the Republic is not a conflict between religious fanaticism and religious indifference. It is a conflict between two fanaticisms. The hatred which the Republicans bear to the Church is as genuinely theological as that which the Clerical party bear to the Republic. It is not the abuses of Catholicism that the French Radicals are fighting against, but Catholicism itself. The *République Française* has frankly declared that the moderate and conciliatory Leo XIII. is a more dangerous enemy than the violent and uncompromising Pius IX., and a large part of the more extreme Radical polemic must be as odious to religious Protestants as it is to Ultramontanes. When to this is added the unfortunate disposition of French parties not to be content with merely defeating and disabling their enemies unless they can also make their lives burdensome by injury or humiliation, the prospects of the Republic will scarcely seem so assured as they did to Mr. Macdonell. It must be remembered, however, that he wrote before the recent developments of the ecclesiastical policy of the French Government. He saw the quarter from which the storm would come, though he did not perhaps foresee the force with which the wind would blow.

Why is it that Englishmen take so much interest in French politics? In his opening chapter Mr. Macdonell sets himself to answer this question. It is not merely that France is a near neighbour, for there are other near neighbours—neighbours, too, in whose fortunes England may some day be intimately concerned—about whose politics we know next to nothing. It would be curious to inquire how many Englishmen could give the name of a single Prime Minister of Holland since the establishment of the kingdom. This ignorance may be due to strangeness of tongue and want of exciting controversies; but neither of these reasons holds good of Belgium. That country, at all events its cities, is as often visited by Englishmen as France itself, and the theological controversies which are a source of so much danger to the French Republic are a source, not indeed of danger, but of disquiet, to the Belgian monarchy. Yet we know next to nothing of Belgian affairs. Probably that which makes the difference is the fact that what in Belgium is only a source of disquiet is in France a source of danger. It is a dull thing to watch the peaceful application of political principles. English politics do not interest foreigners except when they happen to bear on the Eastern question, and foreign politics do not interest Englishmen unless something more than a principle is at stake. How many of us know anything of the political history of the United States before the rise of the Abolitionist movement? Yet in those earlier years of the Republic questions of even more political moment were being debated and determined than those which were raised by that agitation about slavery which in the end brought about the War of Secession. If Frenchmen devoted themselves with as much calmness as the first generation of American statesmen to the consideration of those "unsolved political problems" of which France has so large a store, we doubt whether the fact that these problems "go down to the roots of government, religious conviction, and society," would keep Englishmen interested. They would require in addition the anticipation of some new and great change in a history which has already been seamed with revolutions. So long as Napoleon III. was in power there was the constant expectation of some sudden excitement in the foreign policy of France. Since Napoleon III. ceased to reign there has been the constant presence of excitement in her domestic policy. The happiness of the nation that has no history is a happiness towards which Frenchmen seem to feel no inclination. This is not a heroic explanation of English interest in French affairs, but we suspect it is the true one.

We must not take leave of Mr. Macdonell's book without mention of the touching and womanly preface contributed by his widow. There is something singularly pathetic in the kind of stifled sob with which she speaks of the unfinished and larger part of the work. "The writing of this portion was never even begun. I have a volume of notes—all that is left of countless hours of patient study, and of conscientious research." In Mr. Macdonell's too early death journalism lost a worker of singular zeal and industry. "No man," to quote once more his widow's sorrowful tribute, "was prouder of his profession, no man ever strove harder to put his conscience into all that he did. . . . Personal comfort, pleasure, health, all were disregarded, until the full claims of his professional duties had been fulfilled." A book put together in the rare leisure of such a career has a claim to be judged leniently, but in commanding *France Since the First Empire* there is no need to

employ this plea. If the book is not so good as the author would have made it had his life been longer, it is still the best sketch of contemporary French politics to which an English reader can be referred.

FIFTY YEARS' COLONIAL EXPERIENCES.*

A PERUSAL of this volume leaves the stay-at-home Englishman in the condition of a child who has had his first gaze into a kaleidoscope. Since reading it we have looked through the table of contents. We call at random such entries as "Shooting Blackskins," "Lynch, a Demon," "Black Snakes en route," "Mysterious Yellowskins," "Cannibals at elbow," "Kissed by Mrs. Brown," "Gold! gold!" "Kay, the robber chief," "Nearly nipped by Black Bill," "Wreck, Ruin," "Desperation," "Selling a young woman," and "An idea of Authorship." Tables of contents, we know very well, are sometimes like the alluring pictures outside a travelling menagerie of ferocious lions in the act of devouring their keeper, which resolve themselves inside into a cockatoo and a cage of monkeys. But we can vouch for the honesty of Captain W. J. Barry's synopsis of his book. The heads we have enumerated are fair, though casual, specimens of the horrors and vicissitudes which it has been the fate of the Captain to undergo in his fifty years of colonial adventures.

Captain Barry was born in Cambridgeshire. He says it may be supposed from his name that he is Irish by extraction. We should not have needed the evidence of name to infer it. When he was nine years old he attracted the attention of one Sir John Alcock. Sir John Alcock, being about to undertake a journey round the world, asked the Captain's father, a veterinary surgeon, to let the boy take service with him, and the two sailed in company to New South Wales in 1828. But this first experience of the sea disgusted Barry, and he ran away from Sir John at Sydney. When in danger of starvation he met an old acquaintance of his father's, a wealthy butcher named Smith, who for some small crime had been transported for seven years, but, as was usual in the case of the less criminal convicts, had received a free pardon on arrival. The author neatly calls it "a curious system of assisted emigration." Smith was a specimen of a tolerably large class of pardoned convicts who did well in New South Wales. Another was his friend "Sam Terry," whose greatest grief was that his pardon only extended to the colonies, and that he might not see England once more. In vain he offered to "build a frigate, arm her, and hand her over to her Majesty free of cost." A third ex-convict and millionaire, Bill Nash, returned without leave. That might have been overlooked; but "thinking that money would do anything, he had the impudence to start a carriage and eight, in which he drove in Hyde Park, and upon one occasion actually interfered with the passage of the royal carriage, by being driven in front of the Queen." The carriage and eight made even that worm, the Home Secretary, turn, and "the wealthiest colonist of the day got notice to return to his former haunts, which he did rather hurriedly." While many men like Smith and Terry and Nash became prosperous citizens, multitudes of others had to be treated like wild beasts. Captain Barry "one day in 1830 saw four convicts shot by their soldier guards, when trying to escape into the bush." "It was a common occurrence to see convicts in private service sent from their work for some misdemeanour, flogged, and return with their backs streaming with blood." Of this material bushrangers were made, and the author had dealings with that class as well as with the millionaires. Bushrangers, indeed, were more savage than the savages themselves, and he had early experience of both. Smith, who had trained him to be a good practical butcher, took him to visit his stock stations, on one of which there were 4,000 cattle, and 1,500 horses grazing, and on another 120,000 sheep. While they were at the sheep station the blacks speared two shepherds. The men on the station retaliated by killing "about forty of the black fellows." On a visit Barry paid to another of Smith's stations, the blacks murdered two white women. Twenty stockmen gave chase, and, having driven the savages into a stockyard, slew fifty and burnt their bodies. The Crown prosecutor, Mr. J. H. Plunket, had an un-Irish dislike of reprisals, and brought the men to trial. They were acquitted; but a few days afterwards seventeen of them slaughtered "a very old black fellow, said to be eighty years of age." Mr. Plunket had thus a second chance. "The men were found guilty of the murder of this ancient native, and the whole of them hanged."

But Barry, in spite of the excitement of an occasional boomerang or spear wound encountered in "wiping out a few darkies," and of being "stuck up" by bushrangers, grew tired of driving sheep. Smith, who had a contract for supplying with provisions a new penal settlement, Port Essington, on the west coast, sent Barry to look after his interests. The ship he embarked in had her bottom stove in on a rock. The survivors were put on board another vessel, and that, one stormy night, met the same fate. Barry found himself, when day broke, in company with a man named Winton and a Mrs. Brown, wife of the captain of the second vessel, "lying on the beach, very much bruised and

* *Up and Down; or, Fifty Years' Colonial Experiences in Australia, California, New Zealand, India, China, and the South Pacific; being the Life History of Captain W. J. Barry, by Himself.* London: Sampson Low & Co.

weak, without a vestige of clothing." On the fourth day they killed a seal; with a large flat shell Barry skinned him, and very politely manufactured a garment for Mrs. Brown. All three were taken off by a sealing ship bound for Swan River, and Barry returned, to Smith's astonishment, safe and sound to Sydney. In 1838, when he was nineteen, and already seasoned to adventures, a Mr. Benjamin Boyd came to Sydney to buy land, to cure meat, and to engage in the whale fishery. Barry made his acquaintance; and, "being anxious to see a little more of the world," he accepted from Boyd the post of trading-master to a barque fitted out for a voyage in the Malay Archipelago. The next year he returned to his original allegiance, and went in charge for Smith of four hundred horses which Smith was sending to India. He liked a country where "a palanquin with two bearers could be hired for a whole day for twopence." He also sold his horses to a profit. On a second similar expedition he was less happy, losing in a storm 246 out of the 300 horses originally shipped, and having to drink himself drunk with brandy to keep the cholera out. When it seemed time to go home he represented to himself apparently that the shortest route to Sydney would be by China. Accordingly he accepted a bounty of sixty rupees to go and fight the Chinese. He showed his skill as a butcher on board, and his prowess in being the first, or one of the first two, on the walls of a redoubtable Canton fort. His share in the glory was balanced by a shot in the leg and an ugly gash on the head.

Having had enough of soldiering, he became a stowaway on board a French brig. The French master made use of his services, and then, for no particular crime, gave him sixty lashes. But he absconded at Mauritius, and an Australian trader brought him back to Sydney, after an absence of two years. In this interval his old friend Smith had died, and Boyd became his patron in place of the generous butcher. He went back to his old business of stock-driving, but no business stopped this rolling stone for long. At Sydney, to his great delight, he encountered his French captain and persecutor. Being of that temper that he "always disliked debt," he felt compelled to break several of the Frenchman's ribs with the leg of a public-house table. It became convenient in consequence to leave the colony for awhile, and he tried whaling for Boyd. He had the usual Peter Parley's experiences of being sent flying into the air by a whale's tail, but that adventure only confirmed his liking for the profession. On the next voyage he had command of a vessel, which, after twenty months, landed at Sydney 2,760 barrels of oil, "the voyage being far the most profitable made by any whale ship out of Sydney heretofore." Barry earned thus his title of captain, besides the value of a tenth of 2,760 barrels of oil, at 13*l.* a barrel. The risks of the calling were agreeable to his disposition. But he "must confess he was rather fickle-minded in those days, and is afraid the infirmity sticks to him in his old age." He refused the command of another whaler, and took charge of the shipping of Boyd's meat cargoes. On this service he met his future first wife at Perth in Western Australia. She was the daughter of an old whaling captain, French, and, "eligible young men being probably scarce," took the wooing into her own hands. "Miss French, suddenly looking straight into my eyes, said, 'Mr. Barry, I am going to get married.' To an inquiry as to the time she replied, 'You know that best.' The Captain does not give his readers an impression of bashfulness; but he admits that he was, "metaphorically speaking, knocked into a cocked hat." However, he has gallant Irish blood in his veins, and "the next hour was spent in delightful conversation about our future." That happy future was postponed for a few months by the fracture of most of the young lady's ribs, as well as one leg, in a kangaroo-hunt. When the future became present its happiness was fleeting. The bride had 1,000*l.* and 20,000 sheep for her patriarchal portion; but, on her father's death, it appeared that both money and sheep belonged to his brother, who, like other Australian millionaires in this volume, was an ex-convict. Worst of all, the lady's temper showed itself as masterful after marriage as before. She "was becoming dissipated, and was, in fact, going the pace rather fast." As, however, she died in about a year, the Captain is able to look back on his life with her as merely one of too many incidents to leave a very deep impression.

The widower consoled himself by a gold-hunting expedition in California, beginning work at Hang Town diggings; in three months he had amassed 11,000 dollars' worth of gold. He cached it at first in salmon tins, but after a time it occurred to him to invest part of his earnings in an hotel and meat-market at Sacramento. He also turned horse auctioneer. Though occasionally there were seven feet of water in the hotel, the gross returns were at the rate of 500*l.* a week. But there was ague to match, and Barry fell ill. So he let his inn for 150 dollars a week, and took a holiday in New South Wales to recruit. When he returned he found his house in ill repute. The New Yorker to whom he had let it had "evidently not been particular as to his customers, as during my absence three men had been shot in it and two taken out of it and lynched." In fact, the Californians had conceived a dislike for Australians, whom they insisted on regarding as, one and all, ticket-of-leave men. The prejudice was unreasonable, but Barry did not think it worth while to fight an uphill battle against public opinion, and sold his interest in the concern for 25,000 dollars. He himself went off to seek his fortune. He became partner in a mule train laden with flour and bacon for Reddon's Diggings, only to find the market glutted at the very moment of his arrival by goods

from Oregon. He saw a man having his ears cut off for stealing from a tent. He helped to avenge Indian outrages by worse outrages. He lighted on a new digging in which the whole rock glittered with gold, and in four weeks he had for his own share sixty-one pounds' weight. At another digging, on Salmon River, a party of thirty, including himself, obtained off one bar in the stream two hundredweight of gold, besides profit off their surplus provisions at the rate of ten dollars a pound for salt. Then he transferred his savings from the salmon tins to "Adams's Bank," at Shasta, and joined an acquaintance in a meat-dealing business. At the Eagle Hotel at Shasta, he fell in love with "a young woman from the States." They were married, and though the bride "objected to any fuss," the bridegroom insisted on doing the thing in style, and gave a spread to three hundred guests, which is doubtless remembered in Shasta to this day, and cost 500*l.* According to the Captain's usual ill-luck, at the moment when everything appeared to betoken settled prosperity, a reverse was preparing. Adams's Bank vanished into the bush with 12,000*l.* of Parry's and his partner's earnings. That disheartened him; he sold out his interest in the meat business; was entertained by the citizens of Shasta at a public dinner; took charge of a captive Indian boy; and with him, his wife, one hundred American stoves, the same number of Colt's revolvers, and a baby, returned to Sydney.

At Sydney he bought a ship, and despatched it on a whaling expedition. But he soon got tired of leaving others to do the pleasant work of making money for him, and became partner in a stage-coach business at Geelong. That trade prospered for a time, with the trifling casualty of his capsizing his own coach at a cost of two deaths and a broken leg; but his partners took to drinking, and the firm went into the Insolvent Court. At the same time his ship seized the opportunity to go to pieces on a coral reef. After a decent interval for despair at the collapse of his fortunes, he was on his feet once more, this time as a retail butcher at Ballarat. He was making money by selling savelys at the public-houses for a shilling apiece when he heard of Brown's Diggings. There, by means of a crushing battery, he accumulated 4,800*l.* He then sold out for a good price. The rumour of the Otago gold fields attracted him. He freighted a ship with horses, and made a good profit on them at Dunedin. Thence he moved towards the mining region. Ready for any opening, he found one at first in fish. He bought two vans, loaded them with a coarse large fish called "habuka," and carried them to Waitatruna. "Some of the corpulent habuka began to smell rather loud"; but he was able to retain them at three shillings a pound. However, he "was truly glad when the last habuka disappeared." After this he took successively to curing hides, to domesticating the wild pigs of the neighbourhood and fattening them for market, to selling neat's foot oil for the cure of chilblains to the miners at half a guinea a bottle, and flour which he had bought at three pounds a bag at twenty-one pounds, and to opening butchers' shops first at one gold "rush" and then at another. Well might the second Mrs. Barry complain that we, or rather he, had "done nothing but travel about since we left California." To please her he established himself as a butcher at Cromwell, in Otago. He sold meat at a fair price, and the grateful Cromwellians presented him with a gold watch and chain, while he in return roasted a bullock whole for their entertainment. So popular did he become, that in 1864 and the two following years he was elected Mayor of Cromwell. A mayoralty was also, if we remember aright, one of the honours of Mr. Micawber's career at the Antipodes. But Captain Barry has been careful in his preface to warn readers against confounding him with that distinguished hero of fiction. Like all great men, the Mayor of Cromwell had his detractors; and his own Council once dared in his absence to censure him. On his return he called a meeting, locked the door, and knocked down the ringleader of the mutineers. Two of the others escaped through the window. The Mayor was fined, but he "still thinks that he took the proper way, if a forcible one, of putting his Councillors straight." He kept up the dignity of the mayoralty in Otago fashion. He rode in a "Hurry-Scurry" race, lent money, broke his ribs off carriages, let miners run up heavy bills for meat, farmed at a loss, bought herds of cattle just before an epidemic of pleuro-pneumonia, and crushed quartz with a yield of barely three ounces of gold, instead of the expected ten. What more could a popular citizen do to prove his public spirit?

But resources began to fail. His position was not improved by a wild-goose chase after a claim to some land grants at Bathurst. These, through the agency of his old friend Smith, had been made out in his name thirty-eight years before; but it appeared they had been resold by the Government under Torrens's Act. He had to return to the scene of his municipal glories to find himself by no means so welcome a person when penniless as he had been in the period of his wealth. He set up as a lecturer on the seductive topics of copper and tin prospecting. Next he tried keeping an hotel; but when his guests did not pay their bills he "could not turn them out." Then his wife died, and his daughter married badly, and he had to give his son-in-law "a considerable taste" of kicking. He himself "was rushed by a wild cow." He assumed the auctioneer's hammer, and in that capacity sold, at her own earnest request, a young lady with a halter round her neck and red hair. "The bids were made with great spirit, until they reached the sum of 175*l.*, at which price the lady was knocked down to a digger named Newton, who handed me 5*l.* deposit, and I gave him the halter, and he and his

purchase walked away to the store together." We are not told into whose hands the money was paid. The sale, he says, paid him very well, though he "nearly got into trouble for this disposal of humanity in a free country." Business, however, was not generally very remunerative, and attendance at race meetings cannot have improved it. In these circumstances "a military man on a pleasure tour through New Zealand" happened to meet him. This gentleman suggested to him that he should write his autobiography. The result is the present queer volume. Incidentally the mother country receives the advantage of the temporary residence in it of a very remarkable colonist. Captain Barry apparently has been occupying his leisure with lectures upon New Zealand prospects. But he is careful to add that he delivers them on his own responsibility, and "not as a paid agent of the Government." Certainly the New Zealand Government must have been very remiss.

FRÉDÉRICK LEMAÎTRE'S RECOLLECTIONS.*

THERE is always something attractive in the title of a book containing the biography or recollections of a great actor. It suggests something of the glamour of the stage mixed with the revelation of green-room mysteries for which young devotees of the theatre constantly pine. The name alone of the great Frédéric calls up at once a host of associations and stories; and from the too slight *Souvenirs* edited by his son, those who have never seen one of the most extraordinary actors of this century can get, or at least fancy they get, some notion of his strange power and amazing variety. The volume contains at any rate several elaborate descriptions of Frédéric's performances by the best critics of the time; and we make no apology for quoting at full length one of them, which is written by a man of genius no less remarkable than that of the great actor. Of Lemaitre's acting in *Les Mystères de Paris* Théophile Gautier wrote as follows:—

"Quel admirable acteur ! Quel sang-froid et quelle passion, quand, sous le nom de Barbe-Rouge, il vient commander un assassinat au maître d'école ; comme il a la parole froide, brève, aiguë ! comme on sent bien que c'est la cervelle qui parle au bras ! Avec quel calme effrayant, au moment où la victime rend le dernier soupir dans l'allée ténébreuse où l'a poussée le maître d'école, il jette à la poste la fausse lettre qui doit exposer le crime par un suicide ! Et ensuite, quand on le retrouve dans son étude, débarrassé de ses favoris roux, l'air beat et paternel, l'œil amorié par les lunettes, le dos rond, les mains molles et tremblantes, comme cherchant des papiers par un mouvement machinal, le pas lourd et traînant, on a vraiment peine à croire que ce soit le bandit de tout à l'heure, à l'allure ferme, au poitrail carré, au geste impérieux, hure parmi tous ces groins qui remuent les fanges de la Cité. De quel air attentif, débonnaire et désintéressé il écoute les foudroyantes confidences de la comtesse Sara Mac-Grégor ! Avec quelle rourerie de Shylock, quand il avance au pauvre Morelle cinq cents francs dont il a besoin, il emprunte à son clerc Germain les trente-cinq francs qui lui manquent pour compléter la somme ! Et lorsque tout le monde est parti, comme il ferme les volets, les serrures, les verrous, pour aller retirer de sa cachette qui renferme son or ! son or ! c'est-à-dire tous les vices, tous les plaisirs, toutes les débauches, tous les crimes réduits en petits disques jaunes, rutilants dans l'ombre comme des yeux de lion. Dans ce coffre il y a tout, des chevaux, des palmes, des repas splendides, et la vertu des mères, et la pudeur des filles. Aussi avec quelle volonté démoniaque, quel spasme de tigre mangeant une proie vivante, il plonge dans ce bain fauve ses bras d'athlète, devenus aussi nerveux que ceux de Milon de Crotone ! Cet or, ce sont les dépôts, attirés par la réputation d'honnête homme qu'il s'est faite, et qu'il ne rendra jamais ! Comme, en jetant ses conserves, il a pris subitement une physionomie hautaine, ravagée, effrayante, moitié satyre, moitié Lucifer ! A cette transformation soudaine, la salle éclate d'applaudissements. Pour comprendre et rendre ainsi un rôle, il faut plus que du talent, il faut du génie. Quelle puissance de séduction, quelle fascination de serpent, et puis quelle rage, quels transports il déplie lorsqu'il peint à Fleur-de-Marie, dans l'ile des Ravageurs, la passion irrésistible, inexorable qu'elle lui inspire ! Avec quel accent il lui dit : 'Pour te plaire, je serai bon, humain, charitable, réellement j'aurai toutes les vertus si tu m'aimes !' Et voyant que ses supplications prosternées, que ses adorations de sauvage sur son fétiche sont inutiles, comme il l'emporte d'un seul geste, d'un seul bond, en maître, en vainqueur, en homme qui redévient lui-même. Dans la scène de l'avènement, il atteint aux dernières limites de l'effroi ; il est beau et terrible comme Edipe antique !"

One can almost see the looks and gestures which Théophile Gautier describes with such wonderful vividness, and cannot but feel the influence of the player's commanding power through that of the critic's pen. In another passage, writing of Frédéric's performances in his older days in the *Comte de Sculles*, the same brilliant author said of him and of Mme. Dorval that they were specially the actors of a period passionate to the verge of delirium; and they satisfied its feverish cravings and its fiery outbursts. Dorval was consumed away by the heat; Frédéric yet endured, and the moment he came on the scene of a play, "Voilà que ce drame se met à vivre, à palpiter, à pleurer et à faire pleurer. Un orage y gronde avec éclairs et tonnerre. C'est Frédéric qui passe ; des mots s'illuminent soudain, des trouées éblouissantes pénètrent jusqu'au fond de l'âme ; tout le cœur se découvre et se révèle dans un soupir, dans une inflexion de voix, dans un geste brusque et découragé." This, it will be admitted, is, apart from the mere beauty of the French, an extraordinarily fine piece of description, which could have been inspired only by extraordinary acting. So long, therefore, as Théophile Gautier's works remain in existence there will be no room for future generations of actors and playgoers to doubt, as profane people sometimes dare to doubt of dead actors

whose great reputation rests only on general tradition, whether, after all, Frédéric's acting was anything so very much out of the way. It is the more gratifying to feel sure of this when one is reminded by the editor of the *Souvenirs* of the manner in which Frédéric was treated during his life. Neither he nor Dorval was ever admitted into the Comédie Française. In his old age he was offered an engagement by the direction of the Porte-Saint-Martin, which seemed to assure him peace and comfort for the rest of his days; but "Victor Hugo fut remplacé par Adolphe Denney et Frédéric Lemaitre par l'éléphant du *Tour du Monde*," and the direction quietly left off fulfilling their part of the contract, which unfortunately was not a written one. Then a farewell performance at the Opera House was organized; a crowd of artists pressed forward to offer their services; M. Cantin, manager of the Folies-Dramatiques, offered an act of *La Fille de Madame Angot*, which was then drawing all Paris. Everything seemed to promise a complete success, until, on the very day of the advertised performance, the bills were torn down and the representation postponed *sine die*. The editor tells us that this was the result of a Minister having been waylaid the night before on leaving the opera by, as the writer says in his anger, "quelques musiciens de l'orchestre, cette meute bruyante, vous savez, qui bourdonne au fond du fossé creusé devant la rampe," who protested against what they called the degradation of being asked to play Lecocq's music. Whether or not this version of the affair is strictly accurate, there certainly seems to be good reason for the great actor's son making an observation which was made some time ago in these columns *à propos* of another French player:—"Ne craignons pas de le dire, et crions-le bien haut, la France ne sait pas honorer ses artistes." It does know how to pay them honour, that is, so long as they can minister to its pleasures; but the moment a voice on whose accents a whole house used to hang begins to fail, critics and public cry, with one accord, "Let us have no more of this!" and fling their once petted favourite away from them as a child flings away a broken toy. The ungenerous treatment of Frédéric was only in degree more remarkable than were the criticisms, one of the worst of which M. Sarcey wrote, made lately on M. Bressant after illness had laid hold of him.

It is, however, pleasanter to speak of the triumphs of the actor's prime than of the troubles which clouded the close of his career. Oddly enough, his irresistible longing for the stage was first determined by a visit to the Ambigu-Comique, which, in 1811, "tenait, avec la célèbre *Madame Angot*, un de ces succès sans précédent qui devaient, à soixante ans d'intervalle, faire la fortune de deux théâtres." He was then eleven years old, and it was after some five years, in the course of which he had some disagreeable soldiering experiences, that he made his first appearance on the stage as the lion in a piece called *Pyrame et Thisbé*, at the Variétés-Amusantes, which in those days was a sort of shrine of that highly artistic pantomime of which we have lately seen a revival, and of which Débureau was then the acknowledged master. Passing his morning in Lafon's class at the Conservatoire, where of course he was instructed in the works of the great classical masters, the young Frédéric came every evening to the Variétés-Amusantes to study "cette science si difficile qui consiste à faire coïncider le geste avec la parole. Si l'on m'a reconnu," he continues, "pendant le cours de ma longue carrière quelques qualités minimales dans certains de mes rôles, c'est par ce double travail qu'elles furent acquises." It is hardly necessary to call attention to the value of a testimony from so great an actor to the usefulness of what he calls this "double travail"; which is the more important, because observation goes to show that most young actors acquire a command of intonation and facial expression before they learn to be equally at home in the "science si difficile" of suiting the action to the word.

Frédéric's first complete and overwhelming success was obtained in the part of Robert Macaire, and to the history of this strange and fortunate piece of invention on his part it is needless now to refer in detail, since a quotation from the book we are now considering was made by M. Coquelin in his *L'Art et le Comédien*, and requoted in these columns a short time ago. This success was followed by *Trente Ans, ou la Vie d'un Joueur*, and various other pieces, amongst them "Faust, a poor translation of Goethe's play, in which the part of Mephistopheles, which was allotted to me, was so hopelessly vapid that I could find nothing better to do by way of giving it weight than to introduce a kind of infernal valse, which I revived later in *L'Auberge des Adrets*." Amongst other pieces of a somewhat later date in which Frédéric played principal parts were M. Hugo's *Lucrèce Borgia* (in which he acted Gennaro) and a play called *Béatrix Cenci*, by the Marquis de Custine, whom Harel, the celebrated manager, feasted, according to Lemaitre, in a shameless way. Indeed, after an interview between the manager and author at which Frédéric was present, he turned to Harel and said, "Vous le laissez partir ? Il a encore sa montre !" To *Ruy-Blas* we have referred in the article already mentioned on M. Coquelin's pamphlet; and, passing over other matters, among them an account of Balzac's *Vautrin*, and one even more interesting of how *Mercadet* first came into being, we come to a story of the *reprise* of *Trente Ans*. In this Frédéric, playing Georges de Germany, suddenly saw that Dorval's bonnet-ribbons had caught fire, a fact of which she was ignorant, and plucking it at once from her head, he crushed out the flame and put the wreck of the bonnet in his pocket. The action, which was loudly applauded by those who saw what had happened, passed so quickly that many spectators did not grasp its meaning. Among these

* *Souvenirs de Frédéric Lemaitre*. Publié par son fils. Avec portrait. Paris : Paul Ollendorff. 1880.

was a *premier rôle de province*, who exclaimed with conviction, "Voilà un effet auquel je n'avais pas songé"; and, without the great actor's reason for it, he repeated the action when he next played the part on his own stage. The public was completely puzzled, and a subscriber ventured the next day to ask him, "Pourquoi diable, au troisième acte, arrachez-vous la coiffe d'Amélie pour la mettre dans votre poche?"

"Comment, vous n'avez pas saisi?"

"Pas du tout."

"Mais c'est un des plus grands effets de Frédéric!"

"Ah! c'est un des plus grands effets de Frédéric!" said the awed and astonished subscriber. " Eh bien, je ne m'en serais jamais douté!"

We have quoted, as an enduring testimony to a great actor's powers, what Gautier wrote of Frédéric. We can hardly close our notice more appropriately than by showing how keenly Frédéric could appreciate in another the same kind of power he himself possessed. Writing of Mlle. Georges he says:—

Georges, à qui, malgré les défauts de la femme, on ne peut s'empêcher de rendre justice comme comédienne, était bien en même temps la personification vivante du drame et de la tragédie. Douce d'une beauté qui semblait appartenir à cette race dont on a fait les dieux de la fable, elle réalisait l'idéal de la muse tragique, comme, par son organe sonore et profond, son rire impérieux et ironique, son geste fier et hautain, son regard plein de terribles menaces, elle eût été pour Shakespeare la véritable héroïne de ses vastes conceptions. De longtemps on ne reverra une telle Agrippine, une semblable Clytemnestre, pas plus qu'une Marguerite de Bourgogne, une Marie Tudor ou une Lucrèce Borgia qui puisse lui être comparée.

LEROY'S DICTIONARY OF POMOLOGY.*

THE completion of a work of such magnitude and research as M. Leroy's Dictionary of Pomology may well point a moral to English pomologists and English publishers. It throws down a challenge to rivals on this side of the Channel, which, however, judging by the past, we are not likely soon to see taken up. But for the death in 1875 of the veteran nurseryman who projected and published these six volumes, of which the latest saw the light towards the close of last year, the work might have gone on to include the whole range of garden fruits in the French and English catalogues; yet, as it is, a work may not unjustly be characterized as exhaustive within its limits which deals with the pears in vols. i. and ii., apples in iii. and iv., apricots and cherries, peaches and nectarines, or collectively *fruits à noyau*, in v. and vi., and thus constitutes a sort of library of reference on the history, theory, and practice of pomology. As the first volume was issued in 1867, and its successors have followed at greater or less intervals, it is scarcely within our scope to touch upon M. Leroy's treatment of the subjects of pear or apple culture, which occupy the earlier volumes and the larger half of the work; and we shall speak chiefly of the last volume of this "Magnum Opus." Nothing resembling M. Leroy's Dictionary in scope and extent has appeared in Great Britain; the nearest approach to it in the cognate science of agriculture being, we should say, Stephens's *Book of the Farm*. As a proof of this, we need only point to Dr. Hogg's ample acknowledgments of the labours of M. Leroy and other eminent Continental fellow-workers in the preface to his valuable but comparatively concise and limited "Fruit Manual." Of course it may be pleaded that the physical conditions and climate of France might well inspire the enthusiastic labours of a *vates sacer*; and that, with our comparatively ungenial soil and climate, to write a comprehensive history of fruits and fruit-trees which we can with difficulty coax to fitful and uncertain ripening is very like labour lost. French nurserymen who visited the Hereford Pomological Exhibition of last autumn spoke in high favour of the soil of Herefordshire for pear culture, but ascribed to the sunnier climate of Kent the secret of its victory over the rival orchards of England; though perhaps they left out of account the perseverance, life-devotion, and thoroughness of study and culture, as well as the accessibility of markets, which enable the latter county to develop its resources to the utmost.

It is now twelve years since, in a little work on *Gleanings from French Gardens*, reviewed at the time in these pages, Mr. W. Robinson drew attention to the room for improvement in apple and pear culture of which our country was susceptible, and discoursed with interest and profit to many of our amateur horticulturists on the Cordon system, the improved Espalier system, and the particular form known as the Palmette Verrier. The mention of this last, applied in France, as is also the Cordon, to the peach, brings us to the consideration of this even more especial horticultural product of French soil and climate, exhaustively treated, as we have said, by M. Leroy. Though there is a constant testimony that the Romans received the peach strictly so-called at the end of the reign of Augustus, and named it the "Persicum" from its supposed native country, as is affirmed by Pliny and Columella, the French pomologist goes far to prove that of the fourfold division of this fruit into Peaches, Brugnons, Nectarines, and Pavies, only the first-named fruit can claim such an origin—to wit, the Persicum, which in the middle ages was named Pessicum, whence Pescher or Pecher, and about which clung a fable that the tree, poisonous in Persia,

was introduced into Egypt to punish the natives. Dr. Daubeny suggests that the notion arose from a knowledge of the poisonous properties of the prussic acid existing in the peach kernel. It is curious that Columella notes that the "Persica" are "exiguo malo," small fruited (which is the characteristic of peaches ripened in India). It is also noteworthy that the authorities "de re rustica" whom M. Leroy cites contrast the "Persica" with a species of the same fruit called "Gallica," of a more bulky character, of which the flesh could not be detached from the stone. It is clear that he recognizes, as horticulture has done from well nigh time immemorial, the division of peaches and nectarines into freestones and clingstones—*h. e.* "such as have the flesh parting freely from the stone when ripe, or such as have it adhering to the stone when ripe"—the latter being identical with the Pavies, the former with the Brugnons. To the uninitiated these nice distinctions, and even those which discriminate between the peach and the nectarine, may seem trivial, seeing that instances are on record where fruit of both sorts has been produced on the same tree and the same branch. The fourfold division which M. Leroy has established and traced back to the Roman growers and horticultural writers will be less likely to interest the general reader than the scholar, antiquary, or enthusiastic Frenchman, who will like to see it proved that his soil has three parts at least in the *fruits à noyau*—*i.e.* the Gallica, as distinguished from the Persica and the Armeniacæ, the Asiatic peaches, and the "Apricots" or "apricocks," derived from "præcox" or "præcoquus," the word applied to the latter by Pliny, Martial, and Palladius. It will amuse the reader to find the nurseryman of Angers diving into the sixth-century bishop and poet of the Gallic Church, Fortunatus, for a notice of some downy peaches which a councillor of Tours sent him as a present, and which he enjoyed so heartily as to incur an attack of indigestion. He also rakes up from the *Acta Sanctorum Ord. St. Benedict.* a legend of a Bavarian knight in Charlemagne's service, who, gathering a peach from the Abbey of St. Denis's orchard, was fain to chastise the gardener who would have stayed his sacrilege; and when, as a punishment, his unruly hand was withered, like Jeroboam's, by a miracle, he showed his gratitude for the renewed use of it by suspending the famous peach "ex voto" in the vestibule, where it long remained to commemorate at once the Divine interposition and the exceptional excellence of Gallic peaches. We could quote other no less curious notices of French peach growth as early as the tenth century.

In Chapter II. (§§ i.-ii.), on ancient and modern culture, M. Leroy commends or controverts divers dicta of Columella or Palladius. Perhaps it was hardly necessary, however, to expose the absurdities of Palladius's notions about grafting the peach or nectarine on the plane, the sallow, or willow, at least with any expectation of growing stone-fruit; or about besprinkling the blossom for three days with goat's-milk to secure bulkier fruit, and writing on a peach-stone with a view to its being replanted to bear an inscribed progeny—a possible contribution to the solution of a riddle in the 3rd Eclogue. A doctor of Paris in 1605 outdid the marvels of Palladius by describing a wonderful peach-tree which bore also grapes, cherries, and oranges on collateral branches. Our author deals with more practical matters when he speaks of the American rivals of France in fruit culture. It is surprising to learn the rapidity with which, after its late introduction in 1680, this "king of fruits," as M. Leroy calls it, took rank as one of the most productive and delicate of esculents for commerce or home consumption. By 1869 there were at least 250 sorts, and now there are many more; the regions most propitious to its culture being Chesapeake, Delaware, and Cape Charles in Maryland, in which there are said to be a hundred million of peach trees. In 1877 three million baskets of fresh peaches were exported thence to other parts of the Republic, though not all to be consumed fresh. Two manufactures of peach and nectarine conserves exist in Delaware and Maryland, besides which a favourite "eau de vie" called "Peach brandy" is made from these fruits. It would seem that the great improvement of the peach cultivation in Germany dates back no further than 150 years, when an impetus was given to it by the example of French industry and perseverance at Montreuil. Our own culture of the fruit, adopted much earlier (perhaps in the tenth or eleventh century), appears to have owed its chief development to the same quarter; and it seems that the Chiswick Gardens are able to number as many as 139 varieties. Undeniably, however, it is to France, and principally to Montreuil, that the growers of the Continent and of America still award the first place in this department of skilled industry. Of that celebrated colony of peach and nectarine growers the fame is in every horticultural work, British or foreign. It was not many years after Arnauld d'Andilly perfected the espalier system at Port Royal that the old musketeer, René Girardot, retired to his estate of Malassis (between Montreuil and Bagnolet, in the department of the Seine), and there became the official founder of what M. Leroy calls a "dynasty of special arboriculturists." There, from that beginning until now, these fruits have been perpetually advancing towards perfection; and there the most apt soils for the peach, and the conditions most favourable for grafting on the almond, the natural stock, or the plum, have been tested and matured. In a pleasant chapter on the uses and properties of this fruit the author cites a Latin rhyming verse:—

Petre quid est pescha?—Cum vino nobilis esca.

In what esteem holdst thou the peach, friend Peter?

Taken with wine a *bonne bouche* to the cater—

* *Dictionnaire de Pomologie, contenant l'histoire, la description, la figure des fruits anciens et des fruits modernes les plus généralement connus et cultivés.* Publié par André Leroy, pépiniériste. Tomes I.-VI. Paris: A. Goin, Librairie Horticole. Angers: André Leroy et ses enfants. 1879.

which seems to imply a reservation as to its healthful properties. In the same chapter, after dilating on the prices of early and late peaches and nectarines in St. Petersburg, in America, and in England, the author goes on to show the title of France to be the true home of these fruits by their abundance and cheapness. Paris is supplied by the departments of Les Bouches du Rhône, La Corrèze, La Dordogne, La Drôme, Le Gard, La Gironde, L'Hérault, L'Indre et Loire, La Nièvre, Le Var; not to speak of Montreuil, whence is derived annually an average of twelve millions, of which the earliest and latest sell at two or three francs each. Here, too, as in America, a large proportion of the produce exercises the artistic skill of the cooks, confectioners, and liqueurists, who make their profit from compotes, marmalades, eau de vie (for which La Grosse-Mignon and La Galande are most recommended), and an appetizing and very digestible ratafia. M. Leroy credits the wood with taking a very fine polish, but even in France the peach tree hardly lives long enough to acquire much bulk.

It may be interesting to compare an example or two of M. Leroy's minute and elaborate description of each peach and nectarine with such a recognized English authority as Dr. Hogg's *Fruit Manual*. Where we have tested the two the former is often the more entertaining, the latter the more concise. Seldom, however, does Dr. Hogg omit any anecdote bearing upon the history of his subject, as may be seen by comparing his account of the Stanwick nectarine with M. Leroy's, where both record the raising of this fruit from stones given to Lord Prudhoe by Mr. Barker, Vice-Consul at Aleppo, and afterwards Resident in Syria. Both note that the seed was sown in March, 1843, the buds inserted the next autumn in a Bellegarde peach, and the first peach produced in 1846. The Stanwick nectarine, so called from a seat of Lord Prudhoe, who had become Duke of Northumberland, was consigned to Mr. Rivers of Sawbridgeworth for propagation, and in 1850 the stock (twenty-four plants) was sold by auction, and the proceeds (£164.) presented by the Duke to the Gardeners' Benevolent Institution. Another example of the general agreement of both in details might be found in the account given by the two writers of that very excellent and peculiar late variety of peach, "the Salwey," which in skin and flesh simulates the apricot. The French description is minute and exhaustive; and, if Dr. Hogg's short statement that "it was raised by Colonel Salwey from a peach-stone brought from Italy, and was introduced by Mr. Charles Turner, of Slough," is not improved upon by M. Leroy's version—"qu'il a été gagné par le Colonel Salwey d'un semis de noyaux rapportés d'Italie par M. Charles Turner de Slough"—this is only what we might expect; as is also another minor misapprehension of the French pomologist as to the Downton nectarine. With a characteristic shakiness in matters of English geography, M. Leroy says that this nectarine was raised first from a seed of the Elrige and the Violette Hative, by Thomas Andrew Knight, at Chelsea, in the county of Middlesex, "dans la domaine de Downton que possédait Knight." It need hardly be said that Downton is in Herefordshire. But these are small matters, and in no way detract from the value of a really admirable work. No intelligent pomologist, whether grower or amateur, should neglect to furnish his shelves with so thorough a directory to all the *fruits à noyau*, as well as to our more familiar branch of pomology, apple and pear fruits, as that contained in these six volumes at the moderate cost of £30s. It will prove invaluable for reference or comparison.

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